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VOL. XXXI No. 13 MARCH 27, 1948 [illegible]ENTS

Geoffrey Gorer, author of "The American People." (See page 10)

The Artist as President

By ARCHIBALD MacLEISH

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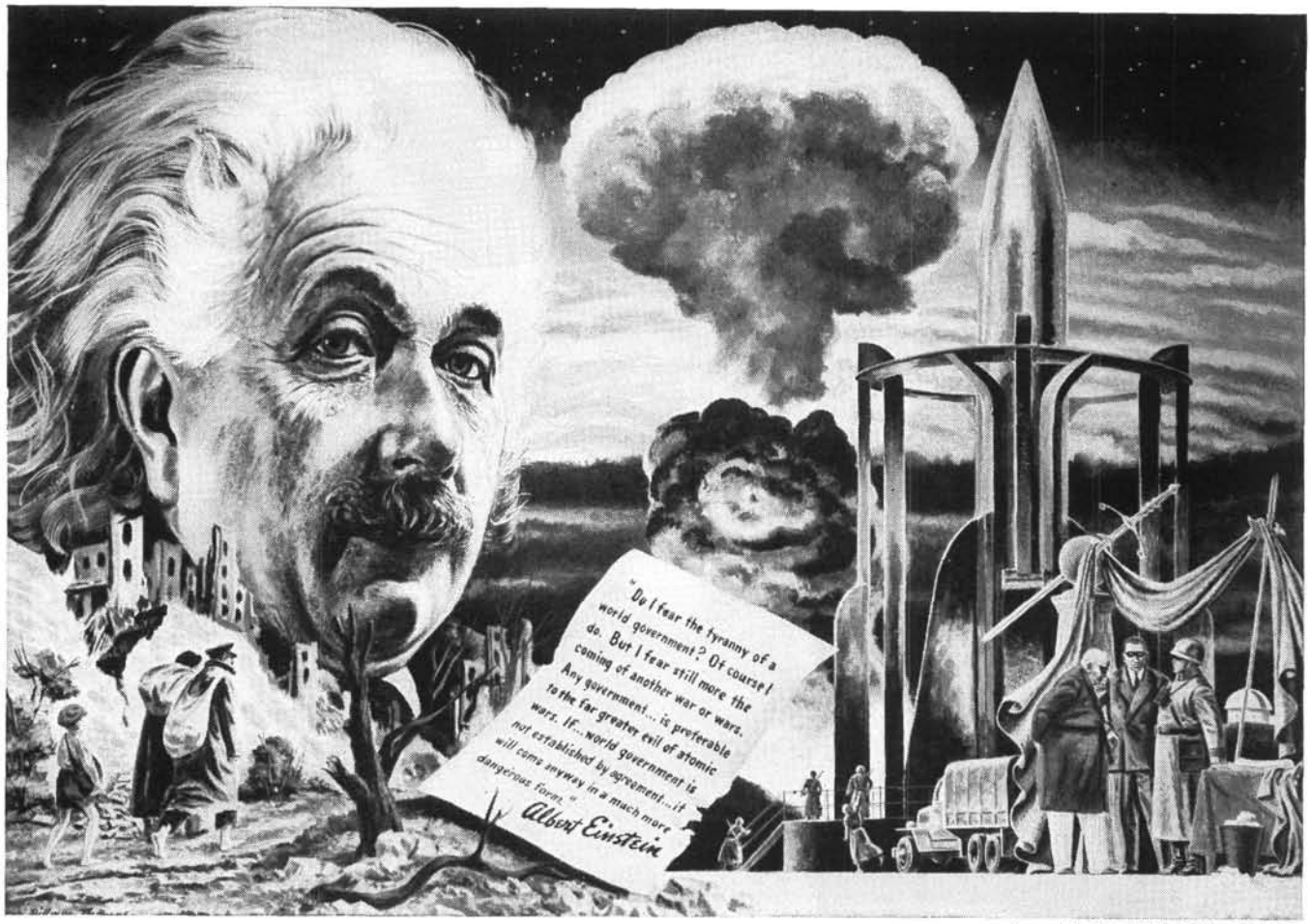
"Do I fear the tyranny of a world government? Of course I do. But I fear still more the coming of another war or wars. Any government... is preferable to the far greater evil of atomic wars. If... world government is not established by agreement... it will come anyway in a much more dangerous form."
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March 27, 1948

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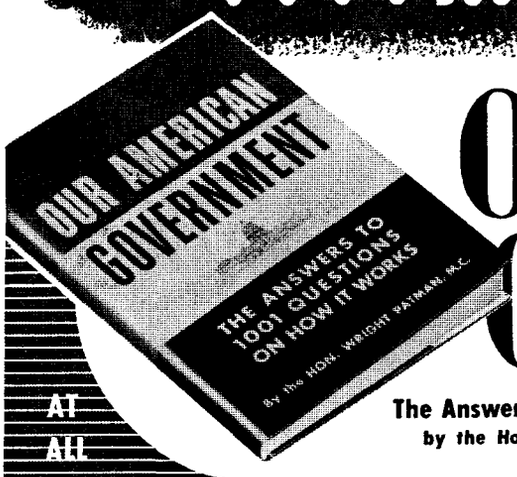

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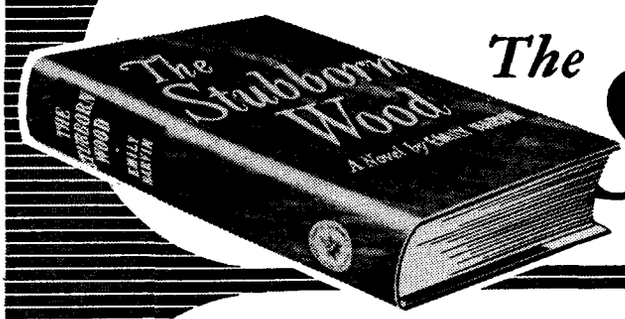

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by FRANCIS AMBRIERE

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TRADE Winds

RETURNING PUBLICITY agents and tub-thumpers from every part of the country agree on one thing: it is impossible these days to whip up "excitement" about any particular motion picture, book, road show, or merchandise. The American people are too concerned with the darkening international scene, too conscious that they are being swept by the tide of events in the very opposite direction from the one they seek.

For the past six weeks I have been wandering about the South and West, in cities like New Orleans, Shreveport, Natchez, Los Angeles, and Santa Barbara, in country like the bayou district of Louisiana and the small towns along the California coast. The apprehension of everyone I met was best described by a sugar planter in Thibadoux: "I feel like the man in Poe's 'Pit and the Pendulum.' The walls seem to be closing in on me. It's hard to concentrate on day-to-day problems when you may have atom bombs destroy the world you know inside of a year!" The coup in Czechoslovakia and the mounting evidence that no government—including our own—is paying any attention whatever to the deliberations or decisions of the United Nations heightened the gloom immeasurably. The only way a man can remain an optimist these days is to ignore the morning headlines. . . .

THE LOS ANGELES morning newspapers, I must say, struggle manfully to keep their readers happy by either omitting the real news entirely, or compressing it into insignificant paragraphs. The banner headlines of the *Los Angeles Examiner*, for instance, which was the paper delivered with breakfast in my desert retreat at La Quinta, were devoted daily to Mr. Hearst's amazing discovery of a nationwide surge of sentiment for General MacArthur for President. Obviously, I travel in different circles from Mr. Hearst, for from one end of the country to the other I failed to discover a solitary individual who regarded the MacArthur candidacy with anything but a shudder. A Hearstling who, if he wanted to keep his job, had to manufacture front-page stories of imaginary "spontaneous" demonstrations for the General, was the unhappiest man of all. At Mr. Hearst's testimonial dinner to Louella Parsons, Bob Hope snared the evening's biggest laugh by observing, "I read in the paper that General MacArthur isn't going to wait to grab a plane for his return to America. He's just going to walk over on the water." . . .

THE PRIZE HEADLINE of a Los Angeles paper was devoted some time ago to an almost imperceptible earth tremor in metropolitan New York. Manhattanites never even felt it, and it was recorded only on the most delicately adjusted seismographs. The Los Angeles paper, however, always keenly interested in non-California atmospheric disturbances, ran a front-page streamer proclaiming "Earthquake in New York!" The sub-head was the one really worth remembering. It read, "Millions Slightly Alarmed."...

WITH PLENTY OF TIME on my hands at La Quinta, I even read the columns of Mr. Westbrook Pegler, devoted, during my last week there, to exposing the *New York Herald Tribune* as a tool of the Kremlin. Mr. Pegler obviously has deemed the time ripe to abandon all restraint and subterfuge. . . . The liberals of America are in a dreadful dilemma. Thoroughly disillusioned by the behavior of Soviet leaders, and convinced finally that no compromise with Communism is possible, they are faced on the other hand with the appalling alternative of joining ranks with black reactionaries whose policies they abhor. Steering a middle road these days is a dangerous and tricky business, but if liberals are going to abandon all ideals for fear of being labeled "Communist" by the Peglers of America, they are lost indeed. . . . The La Quinta landscape, incidentally, was sprinkled generously with publishing tycoons: Milo Sutliff of Doubleday; Harold Guinzburg of Viking; Dick Ettinger of Prentice Hall; George Macy of Limited Editions—with Thayer Hobson of Morrow, and Roger Straus of Farrar, Straus, reported just over the horizon by reliable scouts. The only major author on the scene for most of the period was Laura Hobson. When John Gunther arrived for a brief visit, he suggested that Miss Hobson pose with all the publishers draped around her, and that a print be sent to Dick Simon titled, "Oops, Dick: there goes your fall list!" . . . Other authors who dropped by included Carl Loeb, author of that potential best seller, "The Isothermal Transformation of Austenite in Molybdenum Steels," and Cleveland "Clip" Amory, exiled from Saint Botolph's, and doing penance in the desert (not to mention an article on Jack Benny for *Life* magazine) . . .

AS THOUGH THE FRONT-PAGE headlines were not bad enough, I was

"I'd rather take a licking than go out and face all those spring bonnets!"

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HOUGHTON Mifflin Company has recently published two distinguished first novels with an international flavor.

Here are two Americans, Mark Dickson in Tripoli and John Poorjohn in Sweden, who see those countries as they are — not weighed in the other half of a scale with America and found wanting. I NEVER SAW AN ARAB LIKE HIM by James Maxwell ($2.50) is a series of brilliant foci for the polyglotry of North Africa. Mark Dickson, an American Army Officer, finds that from his station in Tripoli he can observe the chemistry of nationalities. He drinks with the British captain who will be temporary officer of a firing squad the next day. He dines with an Arab newspaperman who knows he has lost the middle road; talks with a Polish mystic who serenely insists his missing son will return. He sees an open boat filled with Italian refugees turned back, their relatives standing on the shore; and he escorts a Very Important Person from the States to see a troglodyte community where Jews and Arabs live together in peace. There are many other chapters in this story and each one is a comment on the experiment of fusing races. James Maxwell is well-known to *New Yorker* readers where some of these chapters have appeared.

The second of these novels is DARK IS THE MIRROR by William Kinsey ($3.00). This is the story of a restless and rootless Philadelphia chemist, John Poorjohn, who finds he has for so long submerged himself in work that he has become a shadow, without the warm living details that make a whole man. He goes to Sweden in search of himself and finds a civilization whose tempo and ambition are so different from his that they thrust like a wall between him and understanding. Here, too, he finds Ruth Bates, whose father was an American and whose mother was a high-born Swedish woman, and who carries within herself this conflict of civilizations. In a world which is drawing more closely together, this book, written with irony and with sympathy, is a sophisticated and intelligent portrayal of the problems of individual understanding.

greeted upon my return to New York with a budget of further bad news. Three deeply-respected old friends—Simeon Strunsky, Dr. A. A. Brill, and Will Irwin—had passed away. So had Tom Lamont and Burns Mantle. Ross Lockridge, Jr., had killed himself at the moment his career was crowned with success. Zelda Fitzgerald, captivating heroine of her husband Scott's "The Beautiful and Damned," had perished in a fire in a Southern hospital—the final tragic note in a symphony of sorrow. Eugene O'Neill and Charles Poore, outstanding literary critic of *The New York Times*, were seriously ill. No more publishing houses had lost their identity in this six-week period, but distress signals were still flying in several quarters, and the fights over discounts, alternate book-club choices, return privileges, subsidiary rights — and above all, higher prices, flared spasmodically. The lot of the bookman, in common with his fellows, was, for the time being at least, not a happy one. . . .

IN THE PUBLICITY NOTES piled upon my desk, the following items caught my eye. Surefire hits for fall include Anne Parrish's "The Clouded Star," Louis Fischer's book on Gandhi, Hervey Allen's "Toward the Morning," James Gould Cozzens's "Guard of Honor," Martha Albrand's "After Midnight," A. J. Cronin's "Shannon's Way," and Carl Sandburg's "Remembrance Rock." . . . Of the thirty-one pleasantries submitted anent the Kinsey Report, the best, I thought, came from Joe Praissman, of the Whitman Book Shop in Camden. When one of his potential customers heard that the price was $6.50, he dropped the book on the counter and exclaimed, "Heck, that's too much. I'll wait for the movie." . . . Prentice Hall, meanwhile, announced a symposium on the implications of the Kinsey statistics, edited by Albert Deutsch, and Crowell

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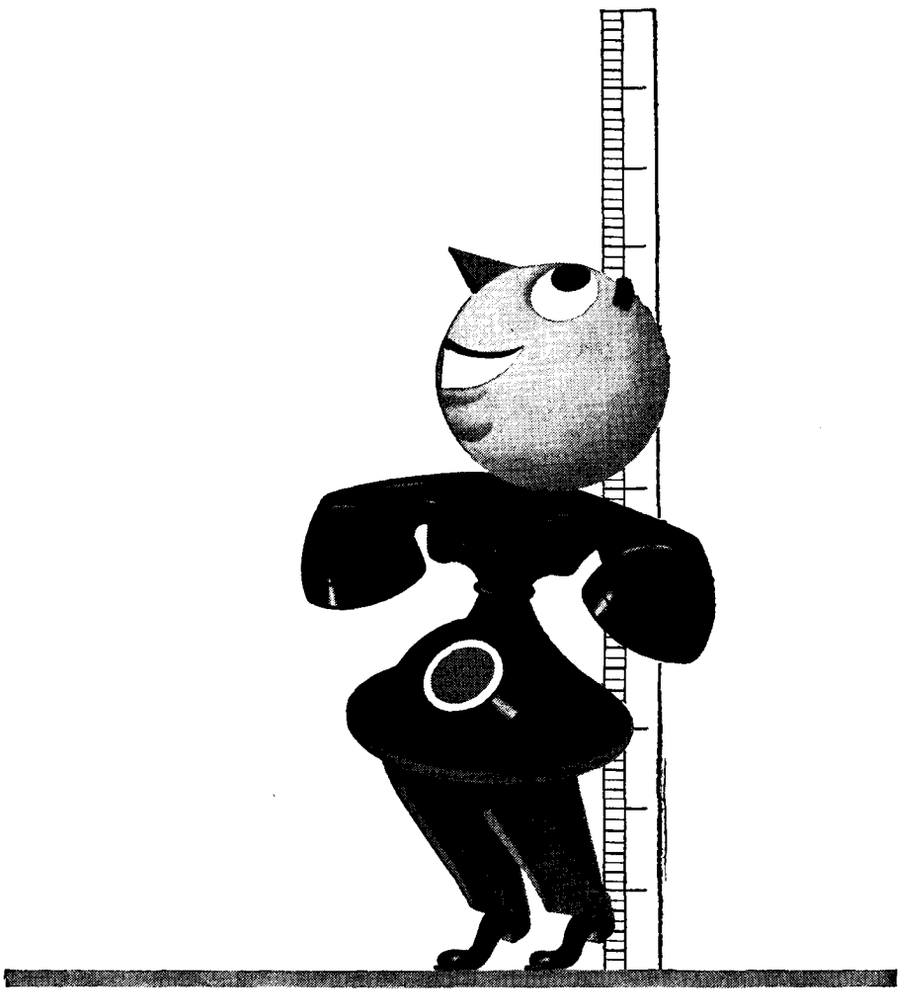
is rushing through a parody called "The Whimsey Report," by humorist Parke Cummings. America, apparently, has a new industry. . . . Arthur Koestler has arrived here for a nationwide lecture tour. . . . Bobbs-Merrill will publish "All Things Considered," a collection of the columns of the late Howard Vincent O'Brien. . . . Marcia Davenport, caught by the putsch in her Czechoslovakian castle, escaped safely to London, and may be home in New York by the time this column appears. . . . Lillian Bragdon has been appointed editor of the American Book Company's new juvenile department. . . . Alfred Knopf is recovering from a serious skiing accident. His right leg was broken in three places. . . . Dorothy Canfield Fisher has written a foreword for a "must" for all parents, "American Children Through Their Books" (U. of Pennsylvania Press). . . .

OF THE BOOKS that I read on my trip, the ones I enjoyed most thoroughly were Thornton Wilder's "The Ides of March," Merle Miller's "That Winter," and Robert Tallant's "Mrs. Candy and Saturday Night." The Tallant novel, plus the galleys of Margaret Millar's forthcoming "It's All in the Family," gave me more belly-laughs than I've had in many months. . . . I was annoyed by smart-aleck critics of the Thornton Wilder book, who with authority obviously based on hasty perusal of pertinent paragraphs in the Encyclopedia Britannica, chided him for unimportant historical discrepancies in his text. Had he not pointed them out himself, I doubt whether one critic in four would have been aware of them. . . . I recommend two rattling good mystery stories: "Hanging Judge," by Bruce Hamilton, and "Explosion," by Dorothy Cameron Disney. I also ran across a book of unusual short stories that has not received the attention it deserves: "The Neon Wilderness," by Nelson Algren. . . .

FAIR WARNING: My next few columns, *SRL* editors and the Typographical Union permitting, will concern my adventures in Louisiana and Southern California. Meanwhile, I leave you with the story told me on the plane from New Orleans by a fellow passenger. He works for the Hooper organization, which gauges the size of the listening audience for specific radio programs by phoning people at random in key cities. A few weeks ago, he called one number, and asked, "Are you tuned in to a radio program this evening, sir?" A delighted voice at the other end of the wire replied, "Are you quizzing ME? I'm Ted Gallup!" BENNETT CERF.



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The Saturday Review of Literature

The Artist as President

ARCHIBALD MacLEISH

Romulo Gallegos, Venezuela's president, has been called in Spain "the first great novelist of Latin America."

IF, at any time within recent years, a country of strategic and industrial importance in world politics had held a completely free election on a basis of universal suffrage without restriction by reason of race, sex, economic status, or literacy, and if, as the result of that election, a candidate had been overwhelmingly returned whose principal claim to the presidency of his country was his distinction as a novelist, the result, one would guess, would have been news. If such an election had been held and such a president inaugurated in the year 1947-1948—the year of the field marshals and the billion-dollar plans, the year of the secret police and the National Association of Manufacturers—the dramatic character, to say nothing of the moral significance, of the news would have forced it, one would guess again, onto every front page in the country but Bertie McCormick's.

Both guesses would have been wrong. Such an election was held and such a candidate inaugurated in the year 1947-1948 but few American publications found more to report than the bare fact. Venezuela, by virtue of its geographic location and its industrial position as one of the principal sources of the world's most strategic material, oil, is a country of considerable importance in world politics. It is also a country of great political sophistication, having experienced the whole range of Western political possibilities from the liberation of Bolívar, who was a Venezuelan, to the dictatorship of Gomez, who was another. Its most recent election was one of the few wholly free elections on record—an election far freer than the national elections of the United States, corrupted as they are by the poll-tax politics of the one-party South. And the overwhelmingly successful candidate was Romulo Gallegos, a man without military experience, business experience, or more than a modicum of political experience, whose reputation had been gained in part as a teacher but principally as one of the foremost living novelists in the Spanish tongue: "the first great novelist," as he has been called in Spain, "of Latin America."

The failure of the North American press to perceive the significance of this event is all the more remarkable because the Venezuelan Government and the Venezuelan people were themselves so obviously conscious of it. They were not only aware of the fact that their new president was a man of letters—they were proud that he was. They were proud, moreover, that the new foreign minister selected by their new president was another man of letters—Andrés Eloy Blanco, one of the best of Venezuelan poets. And they made their pride on both points obvious.

What was striking in the festival of the inauguration of Gallegos was not the unusual number of diplomats in attendance, or the military parade with its contingents of American and British and Dutch marines and sailors, or the grand ball in the Salon Eliptico, or the solemn and simple ceremonies by which the revolutionary junta transferred power to the constitutionally elected First Magistrate. What was striking was the presence in Caracas, at the invitation of the Venezuelan Government, of a considerable number of the principal writers and intellectuals of Latin America, and the fact that two at least of the principal events of the national celebration were events appropriate to the inauguration not of a political figure but a man of letters. The first was a luncheon, given by Gallegos, for the writers and scholars and publicists who had been brought to Caracas by the government. The second was a great festival of Venezuelan folk music and folk dancing in the Caracas bullring which will long be remembered by those who saw it as one of the most impressive spectacles mounted in our time.

The director general of this extraordinary undertaking was Juan Liscano, a Venezuelan lawyer and journalist, who was drawn, some ten years ago, to the study of the folk music and folk dances of his country and whose recordings, made with portable machines in the remote and all but inaccessible back country, are available, in selection, in an edition of records just now published by the Archive of American Folk Song in the Library of Congress. The setting was the Nuevo Circo de Caracas, a deep and well-proportioned bullring, with the mountains above it in the clear night air, and a six days' moon floating beyond the entrance towers in the west.

THE dancers, brought from the most distant parts of the vast and empty republic, were grouped around the ring outside the barrier in the thin cotton costumes of their villages with their small guitars, their male and female flutes, their curious harps, and their many drums—the big drum, the answerer, the pushed drum, the crossed drum, the ballad drum—instruments from the Indian past, the Spanish past, and above all the African. Around the ring, crowding the steep sides of the Circo, were some ten thousand Caraceños with their wives and children.

The dramatic possibilities of the bullring had been exploited with a mastery of means which was as simple as it was impressive. Huge flood lights on the top of the western wall opposite the entrance ordinarily used for horsemen made it possible to introduce the dancers in a vague wash of light which established the contours of the group without selecting the individuals; and five powerful overhead lights, fixed at the center

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and at the four quarters of the enormous circle, permitted the director to employ one stage after another, to empty one stage while the light upon another held the attention of his audience, or to fill the entire ring with dancers. The effect was to give the entire festival a unity and harmony of composition which indoor programs of dancing, with their sequences and their intermissions, ordinarily lack, and to create a total impression on the audience which was as universally recognized as it was impossible to define.

THE FESTIVAL opened, following the entrance of President Gallegos, and a brief, highly literate, and wholly uncompromising "presentation" by the director, with a group of "Dancers of the Turns of the Procession of St. Benito" from the villages of the Venezuelan Andes. The Indians of these villages have taken over and adapted to their own uses the traditional Spanish dances and ceremonies of Christmas, developing an extensive cycle of Andean Christmas festivities in which processions pass and repass through the mountain towns with groups of children dressed as shepherds or as Indians and the Three Kings with them on horseback, a music of guitars and violins following in the narrow streets. In the presentation in the Nuevo Circo there was first this music in a quick and whispering rhythm, then the appearance, in the wash of the flood lights, of the small procession, and finally, on the brilliant stage created by the center light, the dance itself, vivid with color and as intricate in form as though it had been devised, not by the dancers, but by some exquisite and inconceivable choreographer.

The dances that followed—there were fifteen in all—composed among themselves not only a total work of art but a kind of esthetic geography of the culture of an American nation such as I, at least, had never seen before. There were three groups of "animal dancers" from the eastern states of Venezuela and the Margarita Islands. There was a *Chimbanguele* with purely African elements from the State of Zulia where the Fiesta of the Black St. Benito is celebrated from November through Christmas by dancing groups which derive directly from the brotherhoods which the Venezuelan Negroes formed upon their arrival from Africa for the preservation of their ancient religious practices. There was a purely Spanish dance of devils from the State of Miranda which retained the principal elements of the devil dances of the Spanish medieval liturgical theatre. There was another Spanish survival from the festival of St. John the Baptist's day which, long since lost in Europe, has been faithfully retained in the Negro settlements of the Guaira littoral and along the coast of Carabobo, where it is danced to the complicated and enchanting rhythms of batteries of drums of wonderfully varied shapes and sounds played with a beauty of movement which becomes itself a commentary on the movements of the dance. There was a Venezuelan dance, originating in Colonial times, in which the preservation of the daughter of a slave by the intercession of the image of St. Peter Clavier, apostle to the Negroes, was celebrated in a hilarious miming of Negroes in high hats and frock coats, the bereaved mother (a man) in long braids with a rag doll at his breast, and the saint himself. There were two of the seven dances or *sones* of the *Tamunangue*, a Venezuelan dance of great choreographic beauty combining Indian, Spanish, and African elements in such a manner as to create a wholly new and original form which demonstrates, in Dr. Liscano's words, "the dynamic force of American folklore and its constantly creative power." There was an Indian ritual dance of great beauty and vitality from the Goajira Peninsula and a contemporary Venezuelan dance, found generally throughout the country, called *El Joropo*. And finally, in honor of the new President whose principal book deals with the life of the great Venezuelan plains, the *llanos*, there was a defile of *llaneros* on their little nimble horses and a great closing spectacle of honor and salute.

"Victory Dance of Huichelobos," by Diego Rivera.

THE SIGNIFICANCE of all this is obvious enough. The people of Venezuela were installing a man of letters as President and they meant the world to know it. Moreover—what is perhaps even more striking from the North American point of view—they were taking the whole thing naturally. There were no audible outcries from the one side or the other. There were no politicians to protest that men of letters had no business in politics, and no men of letters to declare that the artist in government has betrayed art. The notion that a civilization can exist in watertight compartments, and that a society in which the governors despise the makers of books and the makers of books ignore the governors can be vigorous and creative has never been advanced in the countries which derive their civilization from the Mediterranean. In Venezuela as in Colombia or Peru or Chile or Mexico, such a doctrine could not be maintained for the simple and excellent reason that it would not be understood. Why should the writing of novels disqualify a man for governing? Or why, to put it the other way around, should the manufacturing of steel or the direction of a bank or the command of an army qualify him? What is the art of government? What, specifically, is the art of government in our time? Are its principal problems military? Or industrial? Or political in the sense in which the word "political" is used in congresses the world over? Or are they of a different character? Are they perhaps of a human character, of a moral character? And if so, what kind of man, of what experience, is best qualified to deal with them?

That question, it need hardly be remarked, has been considered before in our world, and neither history nor logic have yet answered it to universal satisfaction. As for Venezuelans, however, they see nothing, either in the theoretical arguments or in the present condition of the world, to suggest that they will not be as well off with a novelist for a president and a poet for a foreign minister as they might be with a corporation lawyer, a trade union official, a field marshal, or a professional politician.

Archibald MacLeish, ex-librarian of Congress, was President Truman's personal representative to the inauguration of Romulo Gallegos as President of Venezuela.

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U.S.A. *In a recent issue of the* New York Herald Tribune Books, *Geoffrey Gorer, the British anthropologist, reviewed the Kinsey Report with such astringent penetration that all previous effusions on the subject seemed pale indeed. Mr. Gorer has now published a book which manages to make some sense out of that bundle of contradictions called "The American People" (see below). Most glaring contradiction, of course, is that between our ideals and our practice in racial antagonisms, a problem ably discussed in three new books: "All Manner of Men" (see below), Carey McWilliams's "A Mask for Privilege: Anti-Semitism in America," and W. L. White's delicate treatment of the Negro problem, "Lost Boundaries." In the meantime you may study Representative Patman's useful compendium, "Our American Government," reviewed here.*

Are We Tied to "Mom's" Apron String?

THE AMERICAN PEOPLE. By Geoffrey Gorer. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 1948. 246 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by DUNCAN AIKMAN

THIS is a British anthropologist's view of the American "national character," based on Mr. Gorer's eight years of residence here, work in the Yale Institute of Human Relations and in wartime Washington, travel in forty of the forty-eight states, and all the human contacts and scientific classifications which go with such experiences.

Most of it is perceptive and enlightening and above all lively reading. Mr. Gorer, like most contemporary onlookers, is concerned with the perilous power wielded by females over life, behavior, and psychoses in the otherwise free Republic. In fact, he stokes up an old valid half-truth into a social theory, to explain it.

The half-truth is that, in coming to America, immigrants, beginning with the first English colonists, rejected the father's authority over the family as it had existed from time immemorial in the old countries. Even when father was brought along, he failed to adapt himself to the new scene as well as the second and third generation did, and so was scorned and discarded, if not defied, by his brood. The 1776 Revolution, by rejecting the paternalistic rigors of King George III's government—with good cause, Mr. Gorer admits—merely repeated this pattern of behavior on a composite nation-sized scale. Each time nowadays, when Junior calls Father "the old man" and treats him like a disreputably dated old fuddy-duddy, the pattern is repeated again; though the repetition may occur in families directly descended from the Mayflower Pilgrims or the Virginia Cavaliers.

Out of this rejection, Mr. Gorer maintains, has come the dominant American character trait, which he considers to be contempt for all authority. The American people scorn effective government, military discipline, purposeful foreign policy, and honest recognition of the class structure of their society, because they are afraid that giving in at any of these points may tempt Father to reassert his tribal elder's prerogatives and perhaps take them off to the woodshed.

Mr. Gorer doesn't say so directly, but the implications are strong that he considers many such viewpoints unrealistic and the woodshed session possibly overdue. Or at least he sums it up on his last page by declaring that "the peril . . . of the new world is anarchy."

Mother and her spinster sisters, on the other hand, have ridden out the anarchic storm better. This is due partly to "Mom's" irreplaceable biological supremacy in child-care and household management, and partly to the intellectual supremacy which women have gained by muscling in on the schoolteaching business in the United States and holding almost complete control there for more than a century.

The USA male doesn't entirely like this, Mr. Gorer makes clear, and many of his favorite diversions, from the "unenlightened self-interest" of his business ethics to class reunions and chronic alcoholism, represent attempts to break out of the nursery with terrible yells. But "Mom" and the schoolmarms spoon-feed him his emotional and conscience fixations and his taste standards just the same. And Mom doesn't do too badly herself, switching her figure around an abundant continent more or less disguised as a source of "ideals," an allegory of desire and tenderness, and the Goddess

THE AUTHOR: Geoffrey Gorer, who has spent about eight of his forty-three years puzzling over what makes Americans tick, left the States for London last month, before he could be snared into revealing any personal adumbrations. And his New York agent, an institution of impregnable reticence, isn't telling. We have it in black and white, however, that he was educated at Charterhouse, Cambridge, the Sorbonne, and University of Berlin, and from 1928-33 polished up his penmanship with six stillborn plays and a novel. Until 1934, he kept his Continental, North African, and Asiatic rambles within bounds of good hostelry. That year and the next he journeyed to French West Africa and the Dutch East Indies, presumably beyond the Boniface, published "The Revolutionary Ideas of the Marquis de Sade"—a tract purported to penetrate the Nazi psychosis—, "Africa Dances," "Bali and Angkor." To caliper his observations on contemporary cultures, he spent 1935-36 under tutelage of celebrated American anthropologists, then scrutinized the primitive Lepchas on the borders of Tibet for "Himalayan Village." That field trip seriously impaired his health and exotic expeditions had to be abandoned. So he accepted the Rockefeller Foundation's bid to try to figure out American movie and radio audiences. Joining Yale's Institute of Human Relations, he continued researches, studied psychoanalysis and behaviorist psychology, wrote, among other papers, "Themes in Japanese Culture," a compendium of Nipponese knowledge. After a wartime mission for the British Embassy in Washington, he was, briefly, English Control Commission consultant in Germany before starting on "The American People." Besides "Nobody Talks Politics," a satire, he's author of a lighthearted commentary on U. S. metropolitan vagaries, "Hot Strip Tease." As a parting shot on these shores, he questioned the finality of the Kinsey Report. Currently, he's coaxing a quarter-acre garden to be fruitful and outlining a comprehensive tome on national characters. —R. G.

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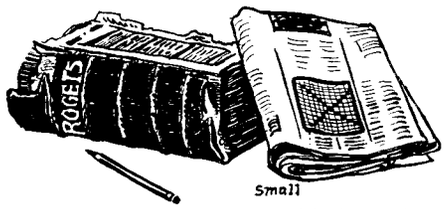
of Liberty, all rolled into one. "A man is known by his wife's fur coat," Mr. Gorer says somewhat caustically.

One gets the idea, though, that female dominance weakens "the national character" considerably. To be sure, Mr. Gorer cuts "Mom" down to size and does not scream at her, like a runaway naughty boy pretending to be Philip Wylie. More coherently, he charges that success in the United States is largely a matter of having one's career approved by one's womenfolk, and that "Mom" has given her offspring, both male and female, an inordinate desire to be loved, whether or not they deserve to be. This makes it, he intimates, peculiarly difficult for the United States to deal with foreign peoples—like the Russians, say—who compound all their other vices with the supreme original sin of never having loved us the way we like it.

"The American People," in short, is as pointed, sense-making, and polite a working-over as the national ego has got in several seasons. Inevitably, being an anthropologist's job, it has some of the defects, as well as the merits, inherent in studies of ant or human colonies observed under glass.

One feels this way about it when Mr. Gorer proposes that young men in the United States "double-date" and are forever indulging in extravagantly masculine behavior because they



are hag-ridden by fears of being taken for homosexuals. Or when he insists that the "dating" operations of the pre-courtship set form a pattern of socio-sexual maneuvers on a par of elaboration with chess or the minuet. And above all, when he repeats the favorite English cliché of the moment—possibly a by-product of the late fashions in pin-up and sweater girls—that the American male, in his amatory registry, is unduly sensitive to breasts. Without a Kinsey Report to measure British indifference to female pectoral protuberances, one can't get into an Anglo-American brawl on such points. But certainly no recent devaluations of bosoms have been recorded in Latin America or Bali to warrant singling out United States males for peculiar addictions.

Ants able to read human reports on their communal characteristics would doubtless exclaim of an exceptionally lively one: "By the queen's antennae, he sure explains a lot that goes on here, even if he never was an ant." That is about where Mr. Gorer's study of Americans under glass gets off.

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

CHARACTERS WHO WEPT

Elizabeth Robertson, of Athens, W. Va., asks you to identify these literary characters who were noted for shedding tears. Allowing five points for each one you can name and another five for the author who created him, a score of sixty is par, seventy is very good, and eighty or better is excellent. Answers are on page 16.

1. This yellow-haired maiden yearning for her lover from the rampart of Heaven lays her head between her hands and weeps because she must wait for him.
2. This young orphan girl riding on the chaise to Durham weeps inconsolably for her ragged cloak which has become entangled in the wheel.
3. After her brothers kill and bury this woman's lover, she disinters his body, cuts off the head, and places it in a garden-pot which she waters with her tears.
4. This character sheds copious tears because of the fate which his appetite has ordained for a number of unsuspecting bivalves.
5. This boy, the youngest of a large, patriarchal family, can cry at will to further his own designing purposes; he simply closes his eyes tight and murmurs the magic formula, "Oh, how terrible! How terrible!"
6. After she is deserted by her husband, this broken-hearted nymph tearfully calls upon "mother Ida" to hear her tale of woe before she dies.
7. This character, seeing the grief of his master who discovers that he has fought and killed in combat his own son, in mute woe sheds big warm tears from dark, compassionate eyes.
8. This woman, sick for home, stood in tears amid the alien corn.
9. This sweet, brown-haired girl wept with delight when her schoolmate gave her a smile.
10. After losing her dowry with her brother at sea, this noble lady of "the moated grange" was cast off by her fiance, who, washed with her tears, remained as marble to them.

Misunderstood FEPC

ALL MANNER OF MEN. By Malcolm Ross. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock. 1948. 314 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by HERBERT R. NORTHRUP

MALCOLM ROSS has created a word and written an exciting book. The word is "horsmander," after Daniel Horsmander, "the first public servant in America to use his records of a public experience as the basis of a full length book." The book is the first popular attempt to explain the work of the Wartime Fair Employment Practice Committee, of which Mr. Ross acted as chairman for three years. The result should come a long way toward aiding the public to make up its mind as to what FEPC is and whether or not a peacetime fair employment agency is desirable.

After a brief introduction, Mr. Ross vividly describes the principal FEPC cases. There was the failure to secure employment for Negroes at the Western Cartridge Company's East Alton, Illinois, plant thanks to the refusal of the management, union leadership, community officials, or the "Christian" ministers to assume their responsibilities of breaking with the past. Then there was a second failure, and again a failure that time has not yet righted. The AFL Seafarers Union, due for the most part to the prejudices of their leaders, confined Negroes to the stewards' department (and still does so whatever their qualifications) although the CIO National Maritime Union has demonstrated time and again that "checkerboard" crews are neither a novelty nor a source of trouble. Nevertheless the Seafarers Union has held firm and with the grateful aid of Southern Congressmen succeeded in defying the FEPC, and the needs of the war effort. Today, the Seafarers, though vigorously anti-Communist, make grist for the Cominform propaganda mills.

The famous railroad and boilermakers cases are detailed in separate chapters. In both cases FEPC failed, but, fortunately, the data uncovered by FEPC were picked up by the courts and the job substantially done. In urban transportation the results varied. Negroes were integrated into the Los Angeles system without difficulty. In Philadelphia, government seizure was required to do the job after a hate strike challenged the fair employment. In the capital city of Washington, symbol of Jim Crow, FEPC made no progress, and capital transit jobs are today still preserved for white born.

What of the future? What are the

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chances of FEPC? Should it be pushed? Will it do more harm than good? Malcolm Ross answers these questions with a rousing plea for the adoption of an FEPC program and a firm belief that it will be a boon to the South. He is not, however, overly sanguine as to its adoption. He believes that the country will profit in world leadership, as well as in the utilization of talents now wasted by prejudice. He tries to answer the objections of everybody.

The important thing Mr. Ross stresses, which needs to be stressed time and time again, is that the average citizen does not know what the wartime FEPC was about. The purpose of fair employment practice legislation is to give every man a chance for a job without regard to his race, color, creed, or national origin. Fair employment practice does not mean quotas of Negroes or Jews. Fair employment practice does not mean that you have to hire a Negro because he is a Negro. Fair employment practice does not mean that minorities get a better chance for a job than majorities. It means solely that race, color, creed, or national origin are irrelevant characteristics which should have no place in determining whether an individual secures employment, promotion, whether he gets laid off, or suffers hindrances or advantages of one type or another in the labor market. The South does not know this, and few people in the North really do. Until the country knows these facts, the issue will not be debated on its merits.

In his natural enthusiasm, Mr. Ross perhaps claims too much for FEPC. As one who firmly believes in the desirability of the earliest possible adoption of a strong fair employment practice act, this reviewer feels a word of caution is in order. The job of FEPC will be difficult, the results slow, and the need for patience great. As long as Jim Crow reigns, particularly in the armed forces and in the capital city of our nation, FEPC will exist in a hostile climate. Moreover, the experiences of state fair employment established since the war in New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, and Massachusetts have demonstrated the difficulties in securing complaints from aggrieved persons. Being basically a "horsmander," Malcolm Ross did not discuss these problems. Proponents of FEPC must, however, prepare for these eventualities.

Herbert R. Northrup, assistant professor of Industrial Relations at the New York School of Social Work, served as consultant to the FEPC and the New York State Commission Against Discrimination, and wrote "Organized Labor and the Negro."

Questions & Answers

OUR AMERICAN GOVERNMENT. By the Hon. Wright Patman, M. C. Chicago: Ziff-Davis Publishing Co. 1948. 143 pp. $1.50.

Reviewed by T. V. SMITH

THIS book had a modest beginning, as it is likely to have a useful ending. As a new Congressman, Mr. Patman was impressed with the avidity of citizens, and particularly of his Texas constituents, for factual information on government. Noting the questions he got, he accumulated and checked answers until by 1940 he had 138 for his first catechism. These he published in *The Congressional Record,* expanding them with successive editions until by 1946 his brochure had grown to 284 questions and answers. This, issued as a public document by the House of Representatives, sold more than a million copies.

Greatly expanded again, the catechism is now issued for the first time as a commercially-published book. The questions are prosaic and the answers are unimaginative but solid. It is not for the scholar but for the citizen. The sophisticate might be prouder of his citizenship if he could answer half the questions here put. If what you want, when you ask a question, is a factual answer, rather than a theory, or a comment, or a wisecrack, then here's the book for you—as far as it reaches. And it reaches through elementary civics, particularly on the structural side of government.

But it reaches also toward the functional and is not wholly divorced from the historical. It extends to the whole range of our government: the states (only four pages, however), the Constitution, the nation, with its tripartite forms: legislative (thirty-six pages), executive (forty-eight pages), and the judiciary (with only eight pages). There are twenty-seven questions answered on "Independent Offices, Agencies, and Establishment." Only now and then, as once in this latter section, are the guns jumped on sheer facts, as, for instance, Question 844: "In what ways is the merit system . . . preferable to the spoils system?" Even here, be it observed, the Member from Texas is on the side of the angels.

My Current Reading

William Benton, chairman of the board of Encyclopaedia Britannica, has had a chance to catch up on the reading denied him during his two active years in Washington as Assistant Secretary of State. Mr. Benton comments on the books listed as follows: Sandburg: "Am reading the stories to my children at bedtime. Byrnes: "One of the most remarkable and revealing books I've read in years." Gibbon: "At long last, prompted also by my two years in Washington." Myrdal: "Prompted by my interest in UNESCO and its projected study of social tensions." The books from the Commission on Freedom of the Press: "For the third time, and preparatory to the UN conference on Freedom of the Press at Geneva in March." Wyndham Lewis: "In connection with it, rereading Boswell's 'Johnson' after twenty-five years." Melville: "Have never read ["Moby Dick"] and am intrigued with the fact that Bob Hutchins, Mortimer Adler, and their colleagues name it as the only American novel in Great Books." Fischer: "The theme is wonderful."

ROOTABAGA STORIES, *by Carl Sandburg (Harcourt)*
SPEAKING FRANKLY, *by James F. Byrnes (Harper)*

—Tommy Weber.

HISTORY OF THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE, *by Edward Gibbon*
AN AMERICAN DILEMMA, *by Gunnar Myrdal (Harper)*
POTEMKIN, *by George Soloveytchik (Norton)*
A FREE AND RESPONSIBLE PRESS, *by The Commission on Freedom of the Press (Chicago)*
THE AMERICAN RADIO, *by Llewellyn White (Chicago)*
FREEDOM OF THE MOVIES, *by Ruth A. Inglis (Chicago)*
MIDWEST AT NOON, *by Graham Hutton (Chicago)*
THE HOODED HAWK, OR THE CASE OF MR. BOSWELL, *by D. B. Wyndham Lewis (Longmans)*
MOBY DICK, *by Herman Melville*
GANDHI AND STALIN, *by Louis Fischer (Harper)*

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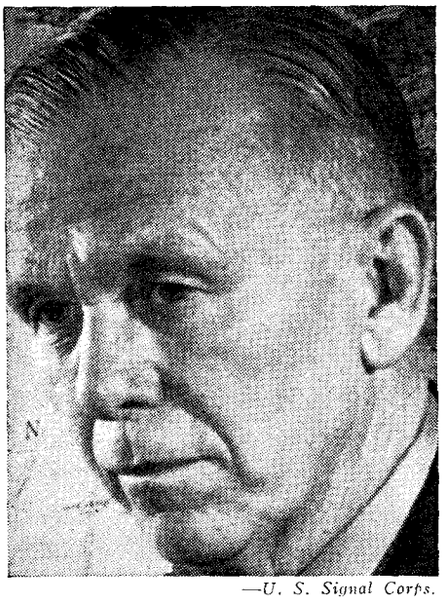
The World.

James P. Warburg, banker, poet, former OWI official, has never taken lightly his responsibilities as a citizen. He has to his credit a long series of tracts for the times: "The Money Muddle" (1934), "Hell Bent for Election" (1935), "Peace in Our Time?" (1940), "Our War and Our Peace" (1941), "Foreign Policy Begins at Home" (1944), "Unwritten Treaty" (1946), and last year's "Germany: Bridge or Battleground." His latest is reviewed below. . . . Russell Hill's "Struggle for Germany," "A Report on Germany," by Lewis H. Brown, and "Bridges Over the Rhine," by Ernest Erich Noth, discuss the German problem from a political or economic point of view. For a change this week we are reviewing in this section a study of the German people themselves: David Rodnick's "Postwar Germany."



—U. S. Signal Corps.

George C. Marshall's "move failed to push the devils of suspicion and fear back into Pandora's box."

"Against Hunger, Poverty, and Chaos"

PUT YOURSELF IN MARSHALL'S PLACE. By James P. Warburg. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1948. 93 *pp.* $1.

Reviewed by KEITH HUTCHISON

"NO PUBLIC servant of this nation," James Warburg writes in his foreword, "has ever carried a heavier burden nor has a greater right to expect every American citizen to support him than George Catlett Marshall. The help he needs is not that of blind allegiance but of loyal, constructive criticism and guidance."

This pamphlet, then, is designed to encourage citizens to play a responsible part in the search for world peace and prosperity. It consists of a collection of the most important documents bearing on American foreign policy during 1947 and of a thoughtful review of the international scene during Secretary Marshall's first year of office.

It has been a period of growing tension during which the rival American and Soviet camps deployed their forces menacingly; a year which has seen the United States move from a policy of drift to one of containment of Russia, expressed first negatively in the Truman Doctrine and then more constructively in the Marshall Plan.

To the editor of *Pravda*, and his innumerable echoes in and out of Russia, there is little difference between the two: the Marshall Plan is simply a more subtle and dangerous elaboration of the Truman Doctrine. Mr. Warburg thinks otherwise. He regards the Marshall Plan as an intelligent, positive effort to modify the world economic crisis. By contrast, the President's message of March 12, 1947, "seemed to me at the time—and still seems — an ill-considered, unwise, and ambiguous document" which "confused the minds of most Americans and of many people abroad" and "opened a Pandora's box of ugly emotions."

Mr. Warburg believes that Secretary Marshall's Harvard address was intended to mark a definite change in direction. The Administration, it appeared, had realized that the greatest threat to peace was not the Communist idea but the existence of conditions that made Europeans ready to grasp any straw offered to them. Moreover, Mr. Marshall clearly hoped to throw a bridge across the widening gulf between the two worlds. "Our policy," he said, "is not directed against any country or doctrine but against hunger, poverty, desperation, and chaos."

Unhappily, this new move failed to push the devils of suspicion and fear back into Pandora's box. Molotov refused to cooperate with the Western European nations and flew back from Paris to stir up the Cominform. And in this country it seemed possible to sell ERP only if it were wrapped up in a luridly-colored anti-Soviet package.

The upshot is that we now have a Marshall Plan and a Molotov Plan competing in Europe. Paradoxically, as Mr. Warburg points out, the success of one depends very much on the success of the other. Eastern and Western Europe are economically complementary and, unless they are able to exchange goods on a considerable scale, the recovery of both will be long delayed. In that fact lies one small hope for rapprochement between the two worlds.

In assessing the blame for the current situation, Mr. Warburg is often sharply critical of Moscow. Nevertheless, he considers that American policies have given the USSR good reason to be fearful and that a new effort must be made to remove the causes of that fear. As a start, he suggests a reexamination of our "present largely emotional attitude," admittedly a difficult job since the Russians "seem almost deliberately determined to be disagreeable."

This piece of understatement makes me wonder whether Mr. Warburg fully understands the appalling dynamics of the totalitarian state. It is a machine whose drivers, as the Czechs have lately learned, are impelled to keep pressing on the accelerator: they dare not apply the brakes lest a skid throw them from their seats. Consequently, while I agree with many of Mr. Warburg's specific proposals, I am unconvinced that they would do much to ease Soviet-American relations.

By all means let us be as "patient and friendly" as we can; by all means let us moderate our doctrinaire trumpeting of the virtues of free enterprise and use our economic strength to help rebuild Europe without trying to dictate the design of its so-

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 730)

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *SONNETS* [*XXXIII*]

Full many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain-tops with sovereign eye,
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy,
Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
. . . on his celestial face.

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cial structure. But do not let us kid ourselves: the better we succeed in such endeavors the more sharply we shall challenge a regime which, like every autocracy, must exploit the dread of a foreign foe as one means of safeguarding its internal security.

Keith Hutchinson, author of "Rival Partners: America and Britain in the Postwar World," is financial editor of The Nation.

Re 1,500 Hessians

POSTWAR GERMANS: An Anthropologist's Report. By David Rodnick. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1948. 233 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by HENRY B. KRANZ

AMONG the books which students of world affairs are eagerly waiting for is a matter-of-fact, unemotional, authoritative study dealing with the mentality which the Germans have developed under the impact of the war and the four-power occupation of their country. In the U. S. zone, the AMG has repeatedly probed into the German mind by questioning the people about almost every worth-while subject: what they thought about Nazism, democracy, their conquerors, a third world war, the future of Germany, and: "Is Hitler still alive?" They were asked what kind of books they preferred, what plays and films, and how satisfied they were with the German-language (reorientation) magazines offered to them. In the other three zones similar surveys and polls were made. And experts who knew how to evaluate such always incomplete reports found here extremely valuable data. No single book, summarizing all these findings, has been published as yet.

Dr. Rodnick's "Postwar Germans" is not the expected all-over report either. (The title is entirely misleading.) The book deals with the life and the ideas of 1,500 Hessians, living in two small towns. (Hesse is the most highly industrialized of the four states in the American zone. With Socialists and Communists in the majority, it has applied socialistic principles in the state constitution.) But the author, undoubtedly, did all he was asked to do by the Information Control Division of AMG when he set out to observe German behavior in the postwar period. He visited homes, schools, and went to discussion groups and political meetings. He talked to men and women of all age groups and all social classes, and they told him how they lived, what they thought about the conquerors, about religion, marriage, family life, and Germany's future. The children confided to the friendly enemy what they wanted to become when they grew up and many said they believed in a new Fuehrer. Because the questioning was done two years ago, and also because Protestant Hessians have different moral, social, and religious standards than, let us say, Catholic Bavarians, or agnostic Berliners, the results are not conclusive and are sometimes completely outdated.

But Dr. Rodnick does not promise more than he can give. He succeeds in giving us an insight into what it feels like to be in Germany today. He calls his book a "preliminary report." He also reminds the reader that it is based on only five months of field work. The dust jacket, far less modest, announces a study of "a people that has not been described before."

Many of the author's conclusions are excellent and hardly need any correction today. He found that the Social Democratic Party offers a little more hope than any of the others for building up democratic humanitarianism in Germany. The ideas of Nazism have not disappeared from German culture. (Since 1946 they have become even more pronounced.) The conflict between Left and Right is as strong as ever. Everybody believes he is "superior" to the next one. As early as two years ago it became obvious to Dr. Rodnick that a greater hostility toward non-Germans would develop in the future. There was in 1946, as today, no discernible trend toward political democracy in Germany.

Henry B. Kranz, former Austrian author and critic, is with the Department of the Army as editorial and information specialist working on the German and Austrian reorientation programs of the American occupations.

--Burch in Chicago Times.

"Dead—or just resting?"

Enterprise in Sin

COMMUNISM AND THE CONSCIENCE OF THE WEST. By Fulton J. Sheen. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1948. 247 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by GEORGE N. SHUSTER

MONSIGNOR SHEEN urges his readers to hate Communism and love those who profess it. That is a pretty difficult assignment, and I have a feeling that relatively few of us will succeed. But here is a book which, despite purple passages and epigrams which are frequently just untenable generalizations in disguise, shifts the central contemporary debate to new and significant terrain. The world, as Monsignor Sheen is at pains to note, is a gigantic enterprise in sin, which it is the business of Christianity to liquidate as completely as possible. When no progress is made, rival doctrines like those of Marsilius and Marx appear, addicted oddly enough to detesting Christianity (or Judaism) as ardently as they assail greed and social injustice. Opposition to them can only prove effective when Christians roll up their sleeves and get to work.

In the light of such a theory men's spiritual commitments are decisive. Monsignor Sheen thinks that a brace of recent centuries were characterized by a blend of Old Nick and blue funk. He contends also that they were afflicted with a malignant rash known as "Liberalism," which, transposed into everyday words, means the profit motive run amuck. The successful staked out the biggest claims they could, retired behind formidable social fences, and fleeced the rabble. Yet it was not this fleecing which summoned Communism into being. In other words, poverty is the condition and not the cause of social revolution. The real trouble started when some "Liberals"—using the term in a profit motive sense once more—succumbed to frustration, either because they lacked a chance to play with four aces, or because they really wanted life to be different from what it was and so learned to hate the whole "Liberal" world. These are the makers of totalitarianism. It is true that Monsignor Sheen does not tell us how they managed, or why it was that such numbers of the poor listened to what they had to say. But he has collected a good many shrewd comments and some deep and probing ideas.

What should Christianity have been doing all this while? I suppose that one ought to admit, first, that it should have been praying not merely for

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Aunt Kate's recovery from pneumonia or for private plush trips to paradise but, above everything else, for the strength to get its work done in mankind's world. Monsignor Sheen is notably aware that one of the major handicaps was that corporate Christianity itself was invaded by the profit motive, or, if you prefer, imperialism. He does not spell it out. But he shows —and it is good to see him do so—that the great Russians, with gifts of prophetic insight that in retrospect continue to seem uncanny, predicted in realistic detail the spiritual debacle of their country and of humanity; that there stirred in noble Protestant thinkers the same divine discontent which came to the surface inside the Catholic camp; and that if the leadership thus afforded had only set on fire religious officialdom, within and between the Churches, poor priests and parsons in Eastern Europe would not now be dying in ghastly Soviet jails faster than the martyrs perished in Roman arenas. The Monsignor's own concept of a Christian social order is too tersely set forth to be clearly discernible. I believe he has in mind what was done before the war in Holland, the Eastern regions of which formed the only industrial area in modern Europe where nobody even thought of being a Communist.

All this does not mean that the book lets Stalin go scot free. It bombards him and his partners with everything from verbal bullets to oratorical blockbusters. One regrets that the argument is not more tautly drawn together, and that the reader intent on following the discussion will find himself jumping from place to place very like a dachshund in pursuit of a squirrel. But the book has much to say about the dire calamity inflicted on Eastern Europe by cold and probably unprincipled fanatics. Nobody can now do more than look at it and scream. As the story unfolds, tragic day after tragic night, it will overflow the bounds of any volume that may be written about it, even as the horror of Nazi camps will spill over a whole library of histories. Yet one must hope that the emphasis on charity, heart of the Christian mystery, which is the central and impressive concern of Monsignor Sheen's book, will prove stronger in the world of the West than either loathing or vindictiveness. This charity will not sap our courage. It will give us something worth being courageous for.

George N. Schuster, president of Hunter College, is the author of "Religion and Education" and the editor of "The World's Great Catholic Literature" and "Century Catholic College Text in English."

Fiction.

There is satisfying writing in this week's list of novels. C. P. Snow's "The Light and the Dark" reveals the stable traditions of an English university as a background for a brilliant scholar's passion for discovering a meaning to life. Another seeker for true values is the central figure of Peter Taylor's "A Long Fourth," a series of penetrating stories of the people in a Southern town. Josephine Pinckney delves into black magic a century ago in her latest novel of Charleston, where a fanciful pharmacist is hag-ridden by two alluring witches. Magic also haunts Aubrey Menen's "The Prevalence of Witches," a conversational novel about an American missionary, an English sophisticate, and a swami in the fanciful Indian "Limbo." The most memorable book of the week is a collection of short stories, half fantasy, half gloomy realism, by A. E. Coppard, one of our most imaginative and poetical prose writers today.

Some Charleston Devils

GREAT MISCHIEF. By Josephine Pinckney. New York: The Viking Press. 1948. 247 pp. $2.75.

Reviewed by
ROSEMARY CARR BENÉT

WHAT Josephine Pinckney does in "Great Mischief" is not so much to create a nightmare world of the supernatural, as to present the supernatural in terms of this world. She makes the incredible seem credible to the reader, the impossible seem not only possible but likely. She introduces witches and the works of Satan into the factual background of a Charleston drugstore. As we all know, fantasy is one of the hardest things to bring off successfully. The reader must be made to accept reality and unreality at the same time, without question. It is a delicate balance. A swing too much one way, and the whole thing becomes ridiculous. Using the finest scale, to speak in pharmaceutical terms in keeping with her apothecary hero, Timothy Partridge, Miss Pinckney has succeeded in giving us that exact balance.

The place is Charleston, the time the year before Queen Victoria's Golden Jubilee. (Remember that year, 1886; it is significant later on.) The minute a mysterious lady in a long cloak storms into Timothy Partridge's pharmacy on a rainy night, demanding a large jar of solanum, we know something remarkable is going to happen. But *why* this can happen to Timothy is carefully built up by our author. Partridge is a dreamy, shy, thirty-six-year-old bachelor. He is dominated by a bossy older sister and has had no real life of his own. He is frustrated and yet he does not accept frustration gladly. His is a "naturally extravagant mind within, severely clipped by the sharp blades of circumstance." Later the fascinating witch Sinkinda says to him acutely, "My dear man, you are a feeler, not a thinker." When he protests, "How ridiculous, I'm a middling honest pharmacist, a Christian gentleman, and fond of reading, that's all," the spirited Sinkinda parries, "You're a dabbler in medievalism, a part-time monk and stuffed with religiosity. There's no real construction behind that perpendicular façade." Most important in explaining his character—or at least modern child psychologists would think so—is the fact that Timothy had an old nurse, Maum Rachel, who fed his infant mind with stories of hags and hobgoblins and other unearthly creatures. An impressionable little boy listened to her and her gaunt cousin tell about zombies and fire-hags. Like Tituba, the Negress who told the little girls in Salem similar stories and produced even more disastrous results, these tales made a deep and lasting impression.

What happens to Timothy is startling. The reader should find out for himself how he rids himself of his sister and thereby becomes enmeshed in the forces of evil. We are borne along on a wind from another world

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so that we accept the fact that Timothy is literally "hag-ridden," that he is tormented by not one but two personable witches, and that he becomes involved in demon worship even while he struggles with ethics and conscience. There are flashes of humor even about the worst of the workings of evil. "The Devil looked like a Charlestonian," we read, and wicked Lucy says of a witch meeting, "'My group meets every month. I generally go.' It might have been a sewing circle she was speaking of," our author adds.

The problem of good and evil is the deep tap-root of the book. Is part of what happens a figment of Timothy's imagination? Since Maum Rachel was said to invade Timothy's mind like a visitation, one explanation could be that his nurse's old tales of black magic were pushed to the surface of his mind by his own guilty, remorseful conscience. Indeed, there is a logical explanation for everything — even the final debacle which *could* be the Charleston earthquake. The Encyclopedia Britannica confirms the fact that it happened August 31, 1886, but does not mention any extenuating supernatural circumstances.

"Great Mischief" will be compared inevitably with Hawthorne, but it has its own atmosphere. The author has looked up many curious facts about old pharmacology, as well as old demonology. If "Three O'Clock Dinner" concerned itself with the world and the flesh in Charleston, "Great Mischief" presents another part of Charleston and the Devil. Miss Pinckney has much in common with Maum Rachel: "She was said to have second sight and certainly she had succeeded in making real to his youthful eyes the spirits of the countryside, the ghost-dogs and witch doctors, the mysterious, the enchanting, the unpredictable creatures who lent richness and murk to the earth she trod." The mysterious, the enchanting, the unpredictable creatures are indeed made real to us here.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. "The Blessed Damozel," by Dante G. Rossetti. 2. "Alice Fell," by William Wordsworth. 3. "Isabella," by John Keats. 4. The Walrus, in "Through the Looking Glass," by Lewis Carroll. 5. Wakefield Whiteoak, in "Jalna," by Mazo de la Roche. 6. "Oenone," by Alfred Tennyson. 7. Ruksh, in "Sohrab and Rustum," by Matthew Arnold. 8. Ruth, in "Ode to a Nightingale," by John Keats. 9. Alice, in "Ben Bolt," by Thomas Dunn English. 10. Mariana, in "Measure for Measure," by William Shakespeare.

Borderline Fantasy

THE PREVALENCE OF WITCHES. By Aubrey Menen. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1948. 271 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by JACK IAMS

IT HAS been the pleasure of Aubrey Menen, who would seem to know the Vedic Books as well as Evelyn Waugh's, to drop a couple of intensely cultivated Englishmen, an American missionary, and a bogus swami into an isolated and primitive section of India, which he calls Limbo, and to let them talk.

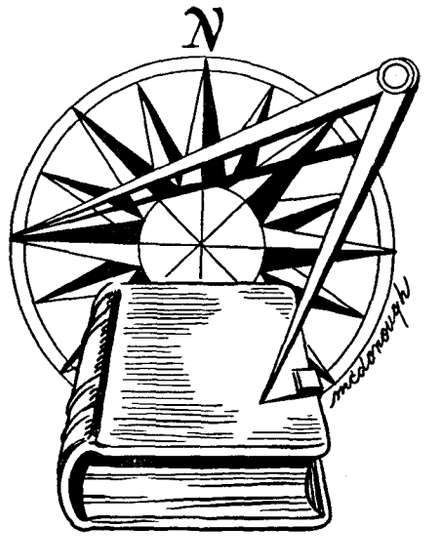
"Once a year," he writes on his opening page, "one Englishman visits Limbo, surrounded by clouds of insecticide through which can just be discovered the Union Jack."

That agreeable sentence sets the mood for "The Prevalence of Witches," a mood that, for a time, had this reviewer hoping that he had come across a small-scale "South Wind." In fact, he was dusting off the phrase "minor classic" when it slowly and sadly dawned upon him that Mr. Menen's conversation-piece was disintegrating in his hands.

The trouble begins shortly after the halfway mark with the introduction of the charlatan swami, an entertaining enough character but a wildly implausible one who is brought into the story through equally implausible and creakingly contrived circumstances. Now, it is of the essence of this sort of story, constantly fringing on the borderline of fantasy, that it be kept firmly credible, at least on its own terms. Let the reader be carried into dreamy acceptance of the improbable, or the impossible, but let him also have faith in the author's guiding hand. Remember how surely Norman Douglas leads one through the subtleties of Nepenthe, or how Aldous Huxley (whom Mr. Menen admiringly mentions) steers a course through his "Brave New World." Whereas Mr. Menen lets go of the helm.

The fault lies largely with the story, which, though palpably intended as a peg on which to hang conversation, is allowed to descend into obtrusive silliness. It would have been better if Mr. Menen had forgotten about it completely, instead of neglecting it for long periods and then rushing back to shoot adrenalin into it.

The tale that emerges from the steady hum of erudite chat concerns a village headman who has, apparently, murdered his wife's lover. (I say "apparently" because it isn't made any too clear just what he has done. The jacket writer seems to think that the



victim was a witch, but, since the jacket writer also thinks that this is the rarest satire since "Candide," we can discount his reliability.) Anyway, the headman thinks the murder was justifiable because the lover was a demon, and the British political agent for the area is inclined to agree with him. However, the Indian judge doesn't see it that way, so the political agent and his Oxonian friend decide to stage a fake miracle which, in some manner that again isn't very clear, is supposed to convince the judge that the headman should be freed. For this purpose they import the swami, who, to everyone's surprise, pulls off a real miracle instead of a fake. At least, that's what they all think, including the American missionary, until it turns out that a local witch-doctor has been actually responsible. That's enough to give you the idea. Besides, it really isn't fair to Mr. Menen to summarize so bluntly his rather delicate narrative.

What Mr. Menen is interested in is his dialogue, and a good deal of it is rich, thoughtful, and witty. Quite a lot of it, on the other hand, has a decidedly undergraduate smack to it, although the two principal talkers are described as being fifty and thirty-five, respectively—a fact which the author evidently forgets since he later describes them as having been fellow students at Oxford. For that matter, the reader, too, is apt to lose track of the characters, as it eventually becomes plain that it is Mr. Menen himself who is doing the bulk of the talking, all too much of which is pitched in the same key.

Furthermore, this sort of conversation-piece requires constant polish, and while the book glows in spots it is tarnished with carelessness in others. It is not part of the witchcraft that a glass of lemon juice is given to a character on page 224 and, when drunk on page 225, has turned into juice of the lime.

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Doubting Don

THE LIGHT AND THE DARK. By C. P. Snow. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1948. 302 pp. $3.

Reviewed by HOWARD MUMFORD JONES

THIS is the way a novel of university life should be written—slowly, richly, without partisanship, reformatory fanaticism, or that curious chip-on-the-shoulder emotion which ruins most American fiction having to do with the academic world. For the academic life is not, as too many of these tales naively assume, unique, queer, or unprecedented; there have been universities since at least the year 1000, and there are likely to be universities for a long time to come—unless nuclear physics ends the whole show. Perhaps because the British are conscious that Oxford and Cambridge are old, stable, and normal places, Mr. Snow's admirable book moves slowly, takes the academic life for granted, lingers on details of custom and tradition, and, despite a central abnormality in the spiritual life of its chief character, does not therefore assume that the collegiate world is abnormal.

"The Light and the Dark" is a deliberate book. It cannot be read rapidly, and to the untrained reader it is, indeed, a novel that unfolds too slowly. But to the reader whose palate is not spoiled either by the paprika of detective fiction or the exotic flavors of *avant garde* writing, the rich, dilatory quality of Mr. Snow's manner, the lingering motions of his sentences and, indeed, of the constituent bits in his intricate machine will themselves be the occasion of much pleasure. This book leaves the reader contented because it deals with that ancient theme: shall a man gain the whole world and lose his own soul? Its relation to the problem of living is therefore primary and not merely journalistic.

The fable concerns a brilliant young Orientalist, Roy Calvert, who temperamentally wins friends and influences people, especially women; whose brilliant gifts gain him recognition at the University of Cambridge and abroad: but from whose soul something has been cruelly left out—that instinctive faith in the meaning of the universe by which most of us live. To say that the failure of his search for deity would be to reduce any intricate problem to a merely moral tract, which "The Light and the Dark" is not. The curve of his life is seen across the temperament of a friend who tells the story and who is himself bearing some mysterious domestic affliction the author does not make clear; and it is in the play of human relationships arising from this central thirst for meaning that the pleasure and subtlety of the story arise.

There are vivid glimpses of collegiate life, a mildly satiric portrait of an aristocratic family, some first-class studies of college dons, and some rather less successful creations of women. The novel ends in the midst of World War I, in which the hero (if he be one) more or less deliberately blots out his own life; and there are, consequently, some episodes in Germany and Switzerland. These, I think, do not represent the strength and interest of the book, which lie rather in the revelation by somewhat old-fashioned technical methods of the inward torments of a soul battling with doubt—that most Victorian of problems. But Calvert is eminently believable—more so, I think, than is the teller of his story—and I do not know whether more to admire the way he is made credible or the author's unhurried revelation of the world that is bounded by the college.

Southern Incidents

A LONG FOURTH AND OTHER STORIES. By Peter Taylor. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1948. 166 pp. $3.

Reviewed by MARJORIE BRACE

IN AN introduction to this collection of stories by a young writer whose work has appeared in such magazines as *The Kenyon Review*, *The Southern Review*, and *The Partisan Review*, Robert Penn Warren says that Peter Taylor has "a disenchanted mind," but "has succumbed to the last and most fatal enchantment: the enchantment of veracity. And that is what, in the end, makes the artist free." Free, that is, to be committed to the artist's never-ending research into the mysterious nature of reality, to the effort to give it, not only expression, but order and meaning: essentially, to define it.

Mr. Taylor writes, with limpid sobriety, of undramatic incidents, occurring mostly within middle-class family life in Southern towns. On the surface, his material is not very complex. In "Sky Line" a boy observes changes in his suburban neighborhood, new buildings, a vacant lot ravaged by excavation; over a space of years, there are deaths in his family, and next door; his father marries again. "Rain in the Heart" describes the night's leave of a soldier in training-camp: he listens to the gross talk of the men, rides on buses, has a fugitive conversation on a street corner with a grotesque cleaning-woman, spends a quiet evening with his bride in their furnished rooms, watches a rainfall. Even where, as in the title story, the interplay of events is swift and crowded, with many varieties of consciousness moving tensely together, the impacts are among experiences

—*Arni.*

Josephine Pinckney "makes the incredible seem credible . . . the impossible possible."

—*Hunnar.*

"It would have been better if Aubrey Menan had forgotten his story completely."

—*Lotte Jacobi.*

C. P. Snow "moves slowly, takes the academic life for granted."

Peter Taylor—"on the surface his material is not very complex."

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of apparent clarity, presented with directness—a hot weekend, a son's visit home just before he enters the army, his mother's quarrel with an old Negro servant. And yet, in these stories, accustomed values are dissolving and shifting fluidly towards something unknown.

What Mr. Taylor is really doing, with honesty and sureness and beauty, is to experiment, both technically and psychologically, with very difficult approaches to extremely difficult definitions. For all its deceptively unstartling appearance, his method is quite as odd and daring as that in any of Picasso's paintings of double-headed women or seemingly capricious groupings of objects.

Mr. Taylor is inquiring into those relations through which things take on their meaning, and he makes his inquiry, not in unfamiliar language, but through connections so unfamiliar that he shakes the reader into emotional insecurity. He deals with states of uncertainty of association, those of a growing boy, a dispersing family, a society where traditions are breaking down, or of people plunged into new experience or seen in troubling lights, and intimates that true realization of life means perceiving the special qualities of old relations, and, through the stress inherent in this, creating new patterns of association.

The form of imagery he employs is peculiarly evocative. It achieves its disturbing significance, not through obscurity of symbol, or any straining for unusual verbal effect, but through the way things are placed together in the narrative itself. The thought of this narrative is not hieroglyphically private, nor does it refer to depths or beatitudes or contorted mazes of emotion, but, rather, extends awareness of ordinary happening and sensation. It suggests, subtly and reverberatingly, a continuous crisis in possible orderings of existence.

The strangeness, and the remarkable effectiveness, of Mr. Taylor's writing comes, never from distortion of reality, but from considered and questioning rearrangement. His is a thoughtfully unpretentious and original talent.

Ruled by Force and Fudge

THE COLLECTED TALES OF A. E. COPPARD. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, Inc. 1948. 532 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by WILLIAM PEDEN

ALFRED EDGAR COPPARD was seventy in January last. Since 1920, his several volumes of carefully wrought tales and stories have won him a small but enthusiastic American audience. For the present volume, he has selected thirty-eight stories on which, seemingly, he wishes to let his reputation rest. The result is an important contribution to the literature of short fiction. A. E. Coppard has few equals among twentieth-century English short-story writers.

The variety of Coppard's interests and the flexibility of his technique are well demonstrated in the present volume, including as it does ghost stories and tales of the supernatural, tales of fantasy and whimsy, symbolic and allegorical sketches, and carefully-plotted realistic and naturalistic stories. It is as a writer of fantasy that Coppard is best known in America; his most frequently anthologized piece is probably "Adam and Eve and Pinch Me," a chimerical story of Jaffa Codling's visions. Coppard's real forte, however, lies in full-length characterization, and among his best works are realistic stories like "The Poor Man," "Fine Feathers," "Ninepenny Flute," "A Little Boy Lost," "The Hurly Burly," and "The Field of Mustard." In stories such as these the author's sympathies are always with his major characters, somber though their destinies may be. The world of those stories is one governed by fate or coincidence rather than by reason; in it, the accidents of heredity and the effect of environment are more instrumental than virtue or wisdom or perseverance. It's a sinful world, as one of its inhabitants comments, ruled by force and fudge.

Typical is the lot of Phemy in the poignant "The Hurly Burly." Phemy is a good woman in the sense that Hardy's Tess is a good woman, patient, hard-working, essentially honest. Yet her life is a succession of disappointments and frustrations, prematurely shortened by hard work, highlighted by a loveless marriage, and blasted by accident (she dies of bloodpoisoning caught from a diseased cow while milking with a cut finger). On her deathbed, reflecting upon the meaninglessness of her life, she asks, "Nurse, what was I born into the world at all for?"

Few if any of Coppard's characters find the answer to Phemy's question. Homer Dodd, for example (in "Fine Feathers"), is a clerk, ambitious, not untalented. As the years strip from him his dreams and illusions, he too recalls the past. "It's bad," he concludes; "Why, I might just as well have been born a fool." Old Dick (in "The Venerable") seeks his salvation in the litter of pups his spaniel Sossy presents him. But Sossy is killed, meaninglessly. "Fizzled and mizzled I am now," Old Dick says, "and that's fact." And he drowns the pups and with them what little the years have left of his self-respect and hope. Dan Pavey (in "The Poor Man") stakes *his* hopes of redemption on his illegitimate son. The boy drowns; Dan's mind dies with his son. To the evils of what one character calls this "abdominal futility" of life are added the injustices imposed by caste and class. The central character of the long "My Hundredth Tale" (which may or may not be as close to autobiography as anything in this volume) is ruined by his attachment with a woman of a higher class. Honor, states this tailor's son who became a successful novelist, is a fortune the vulgar cannot win, an idea repeated in several stories including "Judith," "Fine Feathers," and "The Poor Man."

A highly skilled craftsman, A. E. Coppard exploits fully the devices of the professional storyteller, including the elements of shock and surprise. Yet he very rarely employs them for their own sake as he does in the meretricious "The Man from Kilsheelan." Similarly with his almost constant use of symbolism. Only in isolated stories, like the overwritten "The Fair Young Willowy Tree" or "The Green Drake," does he use the symbol as an end in itself. Usually Coppard's symbolism is a major element in his stories, adding in effect an additional dimension to his narrative level. And he uses detailed, concrete symbols to heighten the effect of many a story, at the same time transporting the reader from a world of

(*Continued on page* 30)

Unlucky in Love

By Julia Davis

NOW I CAN hear only the sea gull crying
Only the long lisp of the water on the sand.
Now I can see only a white sail flying
Down the horizon to an undiscovered land.

Tangible shadow, followed without nearing
Audible silence, lost to sight and touch,
Only in dreaming can I reach your hearing,
Found, lost, forgotten and remembered over much.

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Italy in Transition

FELIX GILBERT

FROM the outside, Italian bookshops—with the gay colors of their paper bindings and a sprinkling of art books and travel guides—look unusually attractive; but on entering them the American visitor experiences the same disappointment which he has had in all other European countries. Hoping to get some general orientation about the intellectual trends and interests of the country which he is visiting, he finds himself confronted instead with translations of Hersey's "Hiroshima," "Forever Amber," Burnham's "Machiavellians," novels by Koestler, or Commager's "American History." In short, he finds displayed the same authors and the same titles as are to be found in the bookshops of the United States. In the reaction to the intellectual isolation created by the war, interest in the literary production of other countries has become a passion all over Europe, and Italy is no exception. Not only is contemporary French, American, and English literature very completely, not to say rather indiscriminately, translated, but modern German and Russian authors are also strongly represented. There are collections of short stories by Soviet prose writers, Soviet plays, essays by individual writers like Ehrenburg, translations of a history of Russian literature under the Soviets, etc. Books by prominent intellectual figures of the German postwar world, such as Jaspers and Wiechert, have been translated, and there seems to be a conscious effort to maintain the tradition of intimate contact with German intellectual life.

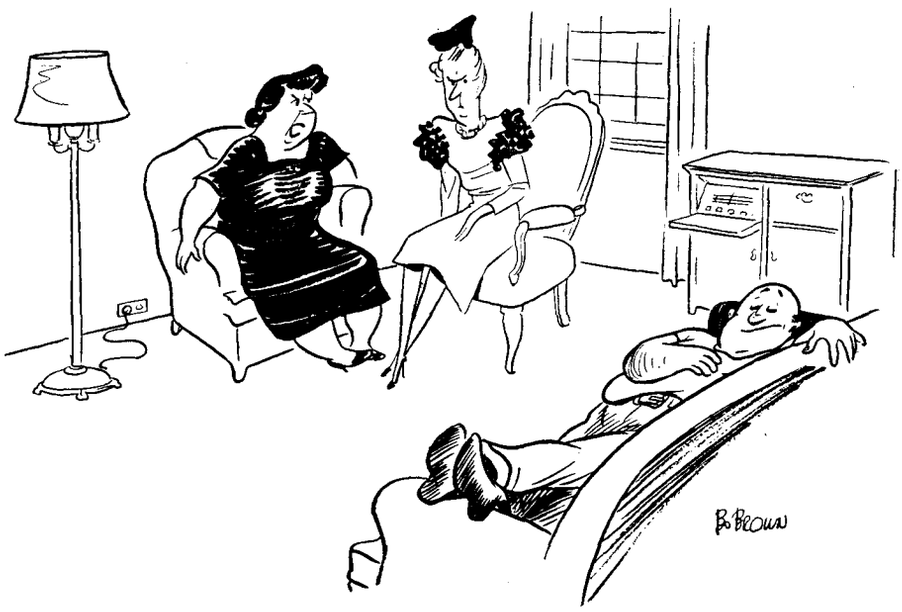
But it should be added that Italian interest in foreign literary developments is certainly greater than that to be found in other countries, notably England and France. It is more intense and more comprehensive because it arises not only from the need to bridge the gap which the war brought in its train, but also that much wider gap which the Fascist dictatorship, with its efforts to control and direct intellectual life, has created in the last twenty years. Thus, among newly published books, Marxist writings are very strongly represented, everything from new collections of the works of Marx and Engels to the writings of Lenin, Trotsky, and Stalin. Several biographies of Fascist leaders, Megaro's "Mussolini in the Making" or Heiden's "Hitler," for example, studies which, in the States, were published many years ago, have now appeared in Italy. The effort to bring the Italian public up to date has led to a strange result in that books such as Burnham's "Managerial Revolution," Benda's "Trahison des Clercs," Carr's "Conditions of Peace," and Laski's "Reflections of the Revolution of Our Time," all of which, outside Italy, had their vogue under circumstances very different from those of the present, now are translated and come out simultaneously with genuinely new books.

Among books written in the Twenties and Thirties, but banned in Italy at the time, the works of Italian authors exiled by Mussolini are now read with special interest. Salvemini, Sturzo, Sforza, Nitti, and Borgese have again become well-known names in the Italian literary world.

To this category of anti-Fascist Italians who were silenced during the years of the Fascist regime belongs also Antonio Gramsci, whose literary works are only now coming to light, ten years after his death,—but who, through these works, at present dominates the Italian literary scene as does no living author. Before Mussolini came to power, Gramsci had gained some degree of fame in Italy as a member of parliament and secretary of the Communist Party. Under the Fascists, he was put into prison, and kept there until 1937, mortally ill, when he was released to die a few weeks later. The legal basis for Gramsci's condemnation was exceedingly flimsy, and the state prosecutor stated with frank cynicism that the reason for his detention was that "for twenty years we must prevent this brain from functioning." But although Fascism succeeded in cutting Gramsci off from the outside world, it did not succeed in paralyzing his mind. In prison, Gramsci occupied himself by reexamining his views on the chief factors shaping the political and intellectual development of Italy and composed notes on what he considered to be the crucial issues. The public became aware of the importance of Gramsci's literary activity in his prison years, when a selection of the letters which he wrote from prison was printed; this volume has recently received the "Premio Viareggio" as the best book published in Italy during the last year.

THAT these letters caused a great sensation in Italy and made their author an object of admiration not only to those who shared his political views but to the entire Italian literary world, can easily be understood. The letters, in which the most varied intellectual subjects—philosophy, history, economics—are discussed, reflect clearly the role played by the clash between Croce's idealism and Marx's materialism in the formation of the intellectual outlook of Gramsci's generation. By virtue of what they reveal in this regard, alone, Gramsci's letters will remain an important source for Italian intellectual history

(*Continued on page* 35)



"The trouble with him is that there isn't anything he wouldn't do for money, but he can't figure out how to do it without doing anything!"

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The Saturday Review of Literature

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A Memorandum to President Truman

1. *Why a Weak U. N. Cannot Keep the Peace*

To look for a continuation of harmony between a number of independent, unconnected sovereignties in the same neighborhood would be to disregard the uniform course of human events, and to set at defiance the accumulated experience of the ages.

Neighboring nations are natural enemies.

Territorial disputes have at all times been found one of the most fertile sources of hostility among nations. Perhaps the greatest proportion of wars that have desolated the earth have sprung from this origin. We have a vast tract of unsettled territory within the boundaries of the United States. There still are discordant and undecided claims between several of them. In the wide field of Western territory we perceive an ample theatre for hostile pretensions, without any umpire or common judge to interpose between the contending parties.

To reason from the past to the future, we shall have good ground to apprehend that the sword would sometimes be appealed to as the arbiter of their differences. The circumstances of the dispute between Connecticut and Pennsylvania, respecting the land in Wyoming, admonish us not to be sanguine in expecting an easy accommodation of such differences.

2. *Treaties and Coalitions Cannot Keep the Peace*

Treaties and compacts exist among all civilized nations, subject to the vicissitudes of peace and war, of observance and non-observance, as the interests or passions of the contracting parties dictate. In the early part of the present century there was an epidemic of treaties in Europe, from which the politicians of the times fondly hoped for benefits which were never realized. With a view toward establishing peace in that part of the world, all the resources of negotiations were exhausted, and triple and quadruple alliances were formed; but they were scarcely formed before they were broken, giving an instructive but afflicting lesson to mankind, how little dependence is to be placed on treaties which have no other sanction than the obligations of good faith, and which oppose general considerations of peace and justice to the impulse of any immediate interest or passion.

3. *Re the Veto or the Unanimity Principle*

What at first sight may seem a remedy is, in reality, a poison. To give a minority a negative upon the majority is to subject the sense of the greater number to that of the lesser.

The necessity of unanimity in public bodies, or of something approaching towards it, has been founded upon a supposition that it would contribute to security. But its real operation is to embarrass the administration, to destroy the energy of the government, and to substitute the pleasure, caprice, or artifices of a turbulent and corrupt junto to the regular deliberations and decisions of a respectable majority.

In those emergencies in which the goodness or badness, the weakness or strength of government is of the greatest importance, there is commonly a necessity for action. The public business must in some way or other go forward. If a pertinacious minority can control the opinion of a majority, respecting the best mode of conducting it, the majority, in order that something may be done, must conform to the views of the minority. Thus the sense of the smaller number will overrule that of the greater, and give a tone to the national proceedings. Hence, tedious delays; continual negotiation and intrigue; contemptible compromises of the public good. The government is often, by the impracticability of obtaining the necessary concurrence, kept in a state of inaction. Its situation must always savor of weakness, sometimes border on anarchy.

States, like individuals, acquiesce with great reluctance in determinations to their disadvantage.

4. *Why a Weak U. N. Can Weaken Democracy in the U. S.*

Perpetual menacings of danger oblige the government to be always prepared to repel it. Its armies must be numerous enough for instant defense. The continual necessity for their services enhances the importance of the soldier, and proportionably degrades the condition of the citizen. The military state becomes elevated above the civil. The inhabitants of territories often the theatre of war are unavoidly subjected to frequent infringements on their rights. By degrees the people are brought to consider the soldiery not only as their protectors but as their superiors. The transition from this disposition to that of considering them masters, is neither remote nor difficult; but it is very difficult to prevail upon a people under such impressions to make a bold or effectual resistance to usurpations supported by the military power.

5. *Can We Get By On Our Reputations?*

Have we not seen enough of the fallacy and extravagance of those idle theories which have amused us with promises of an exemption from the imperfections, weaknesses, and evils incident to society in every shape? Is it not time to awake from the deceitful dream of a golden age, and to adopt as a practical maxim for the direction of our political conduct that we, as well as the other inhabitants of the globe, are yet remote from the happy empire of perfect wisdom and perfect virtue?

Has it not been found that momentary passions, and immediate interests, have a more active and imperious control over human conduct than general or remote considerations of policy, utility, or justice?

6. *Why U. N. Must Have the Powers of Government*

What is government itself, but the greatest of all reflections on human nature? If men were angels, no government would be necessary. If angels were to govern men, neither external nor internal controls on government would be necessary.

Justice is the end of government. It is the end of civil society. It ever has been and ever will be pursued until it be obtained, or until liberty be lost in the pursuit.

Government implies the power of making laws. It is essential to the idea of a law, that it be attended with a sanction; or in other words, a penalty annexed to disobedience. If there be no penalty annexed to dis-

(Continued on page 37)

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Culture in Wyoming

SIR: I am troubled by one phrase in John William Rogers's pleasant little review of my novel "Temper the Wind" [*SRL* Feb. 21].

He says: ". . . this reviewer can hardly imagine . . . a Western prize-fighting mechanic" speaking glibly of "Chopin's 'Revolutionary Etude,' Bernard Shaw's philosophy, complexes, and sublimations."

Well, one of my points in the novel is that, despite cowboy movies, the West really is growing up. By and large, public secondary schools in the West are more progressive and more efficient than in the East. I can imagine a reasonably bright lad being graduated from a New York City public high school without knowledge of Bernard Shaw. But not in a community such as Buell, Wyo.

As Mr. Rogers obviously is more interested in cultural matters than in stud poker and prize-fighting, he should know that, after all, the Chopin etudes are pretty standard and are played not only in Buell, Wyo., but in Albuquerque, N. M., Provo, Utah, and Lindsborg, Kan. I even could have made it Debussy or Prokofieff without stretching probabilities.

I also fail to follow the implication that a garage mechanic is illiterate and stupid, per se. On the contrary, it would seem that a good automobile mechanic must be pretty intelligent and cognizant of trends.

CLYDE BRION DAVIS.

Salisbury, Conn.

Election Aid

SIR: You may be interested to know that *The Saturday Review of Literature* may have a part in deciding the municipal election of Seattle. Several people have mentioned their intention to vote for the present Mayor, Mr. Devin, because of the fine way he handled the censorship problem. No one knew how he handled it until you printed the report in *SRL* July 12.

MRS. GEORGE SAVAGE.

Seattle, Wash.

Vultures of Peace

SIRS: "Vultures of Peace" [*SRL* Feb. 21] is the soundest and most challenging writing I have read upon the subject. I have suggested it to over half a dozen speakers as a basis for an address. In fact, I am going to Davenportize it for "Freedom of Religion Sunday," April 4, when the Freedom Train will be in town.

ROWLAND A. DAVENPORT,
Hospital Chaplain,
Veterans Hospital.

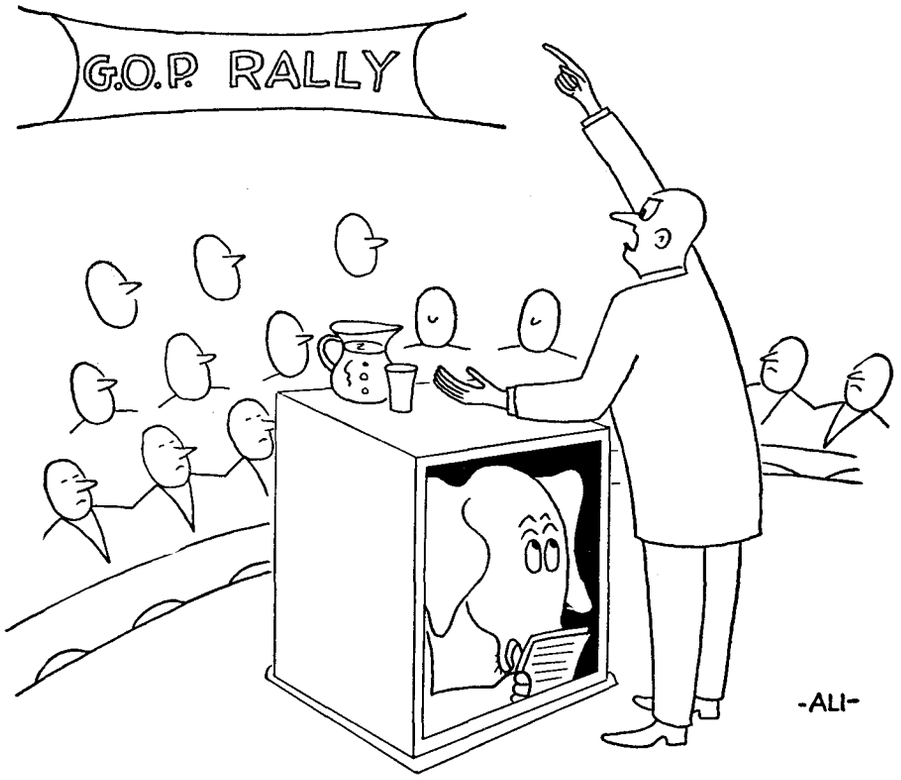
Portland, Ore.

SIR: I am at a loss for the right descriptive adjective with which to describe Howard Mumford Jones's analysis. But we can thank Mr. Jones warmly . . . and we can try to remedy the situation.

MRS. C. O. PETERSON.

Beresford, S. D.

SIR: Mr. Jones is right about America's troubles; he's right about Europe's troubles; he's got things straight



about Man. If we would listen to him (I mean as a nation), we could get our hope back, we could begin to cherish, to support, to *practise* democracy. We could get our faith in it back, too, so that we would no longer be parasites on our good inheritance of freedom that was given to us by the men who drew up the Constitution of the United States.

KYLA BYNUM SEARS.

Oberlin, Ohio.

Moody Study

SIR: I am making a study of the literary reputation of William Vaughn Moody as a poet. In order to make an evaluation of the current estimate of Moody, I should be interested to know the opinion of the *SRL* audience regarding his work. All comments would be gratefully received and deeply appreciated.

WALLACE L. ANDERSON.

6336 S. Greenwood Ave.,
Chicago 37, Ill.

Propaganda and Propaganda

SIR: The reviews by Messrs. Konvitz and Montagu ["Race and Nationality" and "Human Ancestry"] Feb. 28 cancel each other. The former propagandist believes that lack of national identity of groups in the population is democratic, the latter that they must be absorbed. Montagu is correct; the melting pot must work or we shall never have a real nation. Why do we not hear more of the doings of groups that inspire the antagonism to them? In their tirades about racism they ignore the strivings for advantage that mark every one of these groups. Culminating as they do in racial-religious-political groups, such as are responsible for the unspeakably corrupt government of our great cities, they are one and all a menace to the solidarity and welfare of the United States. Clannishness begets enmity and prejudice against these groups will continue until they mend their ways.

W. L. MCATEE.

Chicago, Ill.

Misunderstood

SIR: My former letter [*SRL* Jan. 31] was intended to promote that syncretism between Judaism and Christianity which your correspondent Aaron Block [*SRL* Feb. 21] so much desires. I meant to affirm that the Jews rather than Jesus Christ were and are the suffering servant of Isaiah's symbolism.

KELLY JANES.

Oakdale, Calif.

OWSS*

SIR: In *SRL* March 6 is a boxed sketch of the career of Harold Lamb. From it, I learn that Lamb's book "Tamerlane" is "BOMC-blessed." Who in hell is BOMC? A line or two later I find that Lamb was "on OSS detail in Western Asia." What in hell is OSS? The sketch is signed "—R. G." Who in hell is R. G.?

This esotery of initials confuses me. Please answer PDQ.

ROBERT ROTHMAN, Ph.D.
(Doctor of Philosophy)

Detroit, Mich.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *BOMC — Book-of-the-Month Club. OSS—Office of Strategic Services. R. G.—Rochelle Girson. Additional enlightenment: E. P. H. —Eloise Perry Hazard.*

**Oops, we slipped. Sorry.*

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Belles Lettres.

In British and Continental writing one often finds a polished perfection of form and style that is apt to be sacrificed in the American product to bluntness and vigor. One thinks of Virginia Woolf, delicate craftsman in prose and thought, whose posthumous essays appear below, and of Lord David Cecil's recent "Two Quiet Lives," and of the latest Sitwell volumes: Sir Osbert's autobiographical "Great Morning!" and Sacheverell's "The Hunters and the Hunted." Dr. Gogarty's delightfully civilized Irish stew of reminiscence and fiction, reviewed below, invites comparison with the Irish stories of Frank O'Connor, recently published as "The Common Chord." . . . Federico Garcia Lorca, Spain's lamented poet and dramatist, is of another order.

Echoing a Frustrated Cry

THE MOMENT AND OTHER ESSAYS. By Virginia Woolf. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1948. 240 pp. $3.

Reviewed by MARJORIE BRACE

"THEY give us a little box of toys and say, 'You mustn't play with anything but these'!" Virginia Woolf so quoted Stevenson's indictment of bourgeois society's attitude towards art, in a paper she read in 1940 to the Workers' Education Association. "We are condemned," Stevenson's lines continue, "to avoid half the life that passes us by. What books Dickens could have written had he been permitted! What books might I have written myself?"

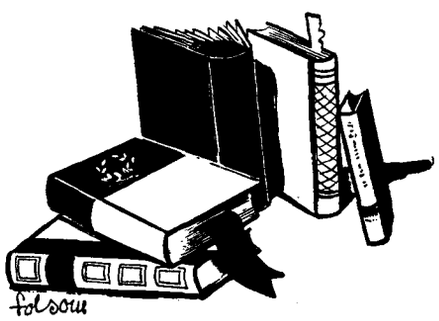
Throughout that paper, and in the very few others, in this collection of essays, that touch on contemporary themes, there seems to be an echoing of Stevenson's frustrated cry. Virginia Woolf constantly wondered what might have been written "if permitted"; if we had inherited, she said, "a state of mind not crippled, evasive, divided." But why, she inquired, did the artist make society the scapegoat? "Why did he not blame himself"?

One may glance at random down the pages of this book, and at once an incandescence begins to shine: upon Mrs. Thrale, Congreve, Scott, Ellen Terry, Gosse. There is not only this effulgence. It is as if some lost value had been retrieved. It comes upon us as, in the midst of chaos, a line from *Phèdre* might fall through darkened air, complete and serene.

There is no severe classicism in Virginia Woolf's writing. It is very intimate. But it is *writing;* and, if critical "writing" may be separated from "perception," as good as critical writing can be. No one living has equaled it, has so made the prose of criticism into luminescent art. Yet Virginia Woolf blamed herself for something, and if we wonder for what, we may at length discover that the relief such enchanting prose affords us is slightly factitious and that, underneath the grace, there is a nervous and even somewhat fretful insecurity.

Much in this book inhabits, in a ghostly fashion, a Victorian past in which the materials of art were, in truth, toys, small facsimiles of reality. It is a world of carriages, uncles, knitting, and a respectability so bland that it could smile fondly on divergence as on a quaint eccentricity. It is a world in which Virginia Woolf spent, emotionally, too much time. This is not at all a question of subject matter. As she herself remarked, "Flaubert will take for his subject an old maid and a stuffed parrot." What counts, no matter what one chooses to write, is "the freedom of the emotion, the unevasiveness of the conflict"; again, "the state of mind." With her, there was too often an over-indulgent attention to ways of feeling that were false and can no longer speak to us. And, if Stevenson's polished writing is recalled, the thought may also suddenly occur: Who, after all, forbade anything but toys to Hardy, or to Joyce?

"By form," Virginia Woolf wrote, "we mean that certain emotions have been placed in right relations." As her whole work now begins to present itself for critical estimate, we may feel that perhaps it was not given such form, but, rather, subdued in advance by timidity and bewilderment, and then feverishly illuminated by personal intensity. Her novels are restless with the perplexing theme of time; her best critical writing hovers tranquilly over the literary past. It is nappy writing, and pure, as that in her novels is not. But for one with her perceptiveness, it was a little too easy—and thus subtly uneasy.



She preferred the past, and could never get out of the present. Yet she could not come to grips with it. In her work, it had already rushed beyond her, vast and frightening. She had been too sensitive, had too much integrity, to refuse to look at it; but she had flinched.

That is why, reading her glowing prose, to which, in sheer mastery of language nothing superior has been produced in her time, even as we admire it and are grateful for its reminder of eternal values, we also seem to find, upon the radiant pages, the shadow of Stevenson's despairing question. It almost becomes her own: "What might I not have written—if permitted?"

Marjorie Brace, an authority on avant garde literature, contributes to Partisan Review *and* Accent. *Her articles have been widely anthologized.*

Rounded Trio

THREE ACADEMIC PIECES. By Wallace Stevens. Cummington, Mass.: The Cummington Press. 1947. 37 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by DUDLEY FITTS

THIS brief essay on "The Realm of Resemblance" and the two illustrative poems which accompany it were read February 1946 at Harvard on the Morris Gray Fund, and are exquisitely reprinted here from *Partisan Review.* The essay itself is an urbanely illuminating little disquisition, too tenuous to do much more than suggest; but it suggests immensities of speculation on the nature of metaphor, "resemblance" private ("The resemblance of the baby's shoes to the baby, by suggestion, is likely to be a resemblance that exists for one or two alone") and public (". . . the resemblance of the profile of a mountain to the profile of General Washington. . . ."), the distinction, not necessarily invidious, between resemblance and imitation. Both of the poems are Stevens at his recent and constantly deepening best, the first of them, "Someone Puts a Pineapple To-

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gether," being one for the Canon. True, he has not yet wholly discarded the verbal preciosity which so disconcertingly allies him with James Branch Cabell: *O Juventes*, this poem begins, in a language which I fail to recognize; *O filii*; but since he is proposing to "[contemplate] / A wholly artificial nature, in which / The profusion of metaphor has been increased," and since he magisterially does precisely that—the pineapple fairly burgeons from the page—, we need not sniff too suspiciously at those Juventes. This is an overt demonstration of the thesis of the essay, and it leads us to the second poem, "Of Ideal Time and Choice," where the ideas are universalized again, recovering the philosophical tone of the essay. Roundness is all. The performance is a distinguished one, and it hardly needs saying that The Cummington Press has given it a memorable format.

Dudley Fitts is English instructor at Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass., and author of numerous volumes of poetry and classical criticism, including "The Alcestis of Euripides" and "The Antigone of Sophocles" (collaborations).

From the Vulgate to Lyric Grandeur

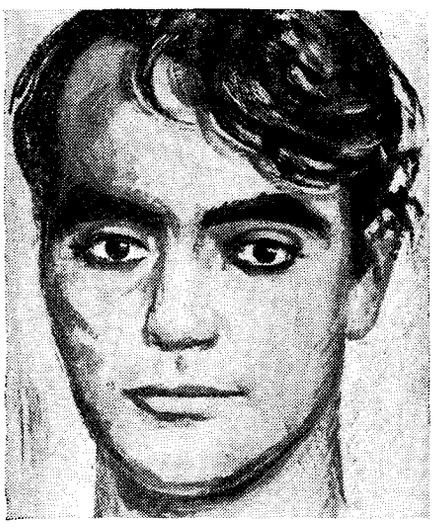
THREE TRAGEDIES OF FEDERICO GARCIA LORCA. New York: New Directions. 1947. 378 *pp.* $3.75.

SELECTED POEMS OF FEDERICO GARCIA LORCA. Translated by Stephen Spender and J. L. Gili. Forest Hills, New York: Transatlantic Arts, Inc. 1947. 56 *pp.* $1.25.

Reviewed by FRANCIS B. MCCARTHY

THE PUBLICATION of this volume of translations of García Lorca's folk tragedies is a literary event of genuine importance, marking as it does the first appearance in print, in any language, of the last and perhaps the finest of Lorca's plays, "The House of Bernada Alba." All three plays are translated with skill and sensitiveness by Messers O'Connell and Graham-Luján, the authorized translators of all Lorca's works. Since the diction of these tragedies runs the entire gamut from colloquial prose to intense lyricism, such an achievement is no mean feat. The "Yerma" is a revision of an earlier translation by the editors, but "Blood Wedding" is here published for the first time in an English version. The book is prefaced by another "first" of significance. The poet's brother, Francisco García Lorca, contributes an informal but extremely searching analysis of Federico's parallel evolution as poet and dramatist, a study that should be as interesting to the casual reader as it will be indispensable to the scholar.

"Blood Wedding," "Yerma," and "Bernada Alba" were written, in that order, during the last three years of Lorca's life. Hence they represent, in his drama, the furthest development of the central tendency in his art—what his brother's introduction calls "the recapturing of tradition in order to express it in modern idiom." No sooner had they been produced than "Blood Wedding" and "Yerma," for all their individuality and modernity, were felt to be masterpieces of the Spanish theatre more akin to the dramas of Lope de Vega and Calderón than to the works of contemporary playwrights. Like his great prototypes, Lorca brought poetry and song to the serious theatre and aimed at a poetic rather than documentary fidelity to nature. Though the climax of "Blood Wedding" is presented almost entirely in lyrical dialogue, it is completely convincing dramatically and undoubtedly more moving than if it had been written in prose. These tragedies do show, however, a growing tendency toward restraint in the direct utilization of lyrical elements. "Bernada Alba" achieves a poetry of stark power that is derived more from the understated intensity of the characters' emotions and the artful use of symbolic incident and décor than from the occasional flashes of overt poetry in the dialogue. In its notable economy of means to ends, however, "Bernada Alba" merely accentuates the classic simplicity of construction and characterization that distinguishes all three plays and that is responsible for much of their perfection and power.



Federico Garcia Lorca "aimed at a poetic rather than documentary fidelity to nature."

All these tragedies are modern enough to center round the violent eruptions of frustrated passion, ancient enough to communicate a primordial sense of fatality, and Spanish enough to present characters motivated by uncompromising passions in conflict with an equally uncompromising code of personal and family honor. The fact that at least among the Spanish "folk" these concepts still possessed validity enabled Lorca to create convincingly a kind of literature elsewhere almost inconceivable in our time—genuine, if muted, heroic tragedy.

* * *

"SELECTED POEMS" is in the main a revision of the volume of excellent renderings of Lorca's verse by Spender and Gili which was published in 1939. Like its predecessor, this book will afford a representative but frugal introduction to the poet's work. It is a pity that the helpful introduction to the former volume, by R. M. Nadal, could not have been retained in this. Readers with a little Spanish will also regret the dropping of the Spanish text which in the earlier volume accompanied the translations, though there can be no doubt that the decision to do so has made possible the bargain price of the present edition. Probably the same motive is responsible for the deleting of a dozen or so of the shorter poems that were in the earlier collection in favor of the substitution of a few new ones. One could wish above all that the editors had retained "The Death of Antonito El Camborio" with its unforgettable quatrain:

> Three gushes of blood
> and he died in profile.
> Living coin which never
> will be repeated.

For the rest we can only be grateful that this volume surpasses the other in offering a full translation of the "Ode To Walt Whitman" and "Lament for Ignacio Sanchez Mejias." The latter is probably Lorca's greatest lyric, and the translation is an inspired one. Otherwise, Spender and Gili have corrected a few mistranslations and have made a considerable number of minor revisions in order to reproduce more faithfully the rhythms of their originals. By and large, the changes are tactful and successful, though occasionally an epithet or a cadence seems to have been unduly softened or sentimentalized.

Francis B. McCarthy teaches English at Phillips Academy, Andover.

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Irish Magic

MOURNING BECAME MRS. SPENDLOVE. By Oliver St. John Gogarty. New York: Creative Age Press. 1948. 250 pp. $2.75.

Reviewed by HARRISON SMITH

DR. GOGARTY of Dublin and New York has as many facets as a diamond. He is a poet, novelist, and essayist, a surgeon, a wit, and a raconteur; and, since he is an Irishman, he has been involved in partisan politics most of his life. As he approaches his seventieth year, his recollections are invaluable as literary history and as a last, nostalgic view of the men and events that created the Irish literary renaissance. His latest book is evidence that he carries his historical burden so lightly that he is in no danger of becoming a national monument to the past.

"Mourning Became Mrs. Spendlove" is an intensely amusing series of stories, portraits, and reminiscenses. If the reader is not interested in his accounts of James Joyce or Yeats, then to amuse him there is the genteel story of the lady street-walker who went about her business dressed in mourning, or the tale of the elderly bank director who became involved in a house-of-call because he did not realize why the younger women at the weekly bridge parties he attended were always suddenly leaving and later returning to their tables. There is another politely ribald story of a New England clergyman who became in an odd and highly scientific way the father of his village.

These and other stories in the volume are fiction that might have been written by anyone with a sense of humor and a gift for slightly acid satire. But nobody but Gogarty could have written the chapters on Dublin and the haunting countryside that borders that ancient and most civilized city, or the memorable studies of Robert Flaherty, Yeats, and Joyce scattered through the book.

It seems that Dr. Gogarty riding a Dublin tramcar met young James Joyce one day carrying a bundle of manuscript poems under his arm. In a short time he was living with him in the single room of an abandoned tower on Dublin Bay. In those days Joyce was wholly concerned with creating in his own mind the involved and contorted meanings and the multitude of characters who throng that extraordinary novel, "Ulysses." He was catching from the very air phrases, sounds, and visions as naturally as a dog snaps at flies. The doctor and throat specialist found himself dwelling uncomfortably with genius incarnate, and it says a great deal for him, and for Joyce too, that either of them was able to live in any harmony with the other. Gogarty, realizing that Joyce was with some malice transforming him into the character who was to be Malachi Mulligan in the novel, was in a quandary. He had no doubt that he was contributing to a masterpiece and would have agreed with Yeats when he later wrote, "The Martello Tower pages [in "Ulysses"] are full of beauty, a cruel, playful mind like a great, soft tiger cat." Gogarty recalls some of his ponderings at the time:

> "Why do I put up with him at all?" I asked myself. It must be the attraction of opposites that holds us together. But he is a bit of a weight. It is hard to make him smile except at some blunder of mine or others. Here I am with two mad men in the Tower. Am I their keeper or companion? Then there is the fact that Endymion, the madman, likes only me . . . Kinch [Joyce] calls me Malachi Mulligan. 'Malachi wore the collar of gold,' and he is envious of my canary-colored waistcoat with the gold buttons. Besides 'Malachi' is his way of hinting 'Mercury,' and 'Mulligan' is stage Irish for me and for the rest of us. It is meant to make me absurd . . ."

On another page you will find the farcical account of their binge in Dublin one night and their visit to the empty and bleak meeting rooms of AE's "Hermitic Society," where the great Russell talked literature to a crowd of girls working in a Quaker dry-goods store, and where they found the sample case of Joyce's publisher which should have contained books instead of "lady's drawers." In the chapter "Reminiscences of Yeats," Gogarty recalls Joyce's rude meeting with one of the greatest of poets. Yeats was celebrating his fortieth birthday, and Joyce left his companion to rush into the hotel.

"What did he say?" Gogarty asked him later.

"He told me that he was forty."

"And what did you say?"

"I said, 'I am sorry. You are too old for me to help. Good-by'."

Gogarty believes that Yeats's association with the occult retarded the acceptance of the dramatic movement in Ireland, but that his involvement with mysticism through seances, astrology, and the plain quackery of magic was an effort to tap through mysticism the subconscious stream of inspiration. He recalls the sight of Yeats while he was composing:

> With his hands behind his back, his head down, or suddenly looking up, he would pace the floor, humming to himself until the poem rose from the rich darkness within him. . . . As the rhythm-wedded words came, he wrote them in pencil on odd pieces of paper. I found many of them in my study when he had finished his poems.

In "Dublin Revisited II" Gogarty explains his own belief in the supernatural, at least the evidences of it in his own country. While he was driving in Phoenix Park, he once saw a ghost, a horseman, complete with

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bowler hat, riding coat, and checkered waistcoat. The mischievous leprechaun dressed in leather, gaily colored, is, he believes "the little Laplander, 'Laprechaun'" who was brought to Denmark out of the Arctic before the Danes settled in Ireland, "leaving so strong a memory that they can be seen now at propitious moments between the light and the dark." As for the little folk, the fairies, they are there too if you have the insight to see them. He once met a serious composer who was writing an opera and had come to remote Iol Daitthe (wherever that may be) for a practical reason. He was waiting to hear the enchanted airs of fairy music since those who had heard them were not educated enough to take them down. Yeats was furious with Gogarty once when he told him of the fishermen he had interviewed who had seen a merman off the coast of Connemara standing waist high in eight feet of water, so close at hand that they could have lifted him into their boat. Gogarty thought it might be a manatee. "I am amazed at you," Yeats shouted. "Why will people (even you) insist on reducing everything under heaven to narrow reason's scope?" There are other marvels to which the talented doctor bears witness, including a huge mammal on the coast of Wales, covered with dark red hair and adorned with a probosis instead of tusks and short limbs with claws like an alligator. What can a mere American do in the face of Irishmen who have seen fairies, leprechauns, and unknown monsters? When Yeats lectured over here, someone in the audience usually asked him if he had seen a fairy. He replied by shouting, "What? Over here?" There is no answer to that, except an envious prayer that they may come over here some day, to raise our spirits by a faith in other creatures than the magic-makers and inventors of machinery and bombs.

Science and Society.

Science has indeed penetrated every aspect of society, but society has used it blindly, at random, with no sense of responsibility or purpose. In the uneasy no-man's-land between the pure sciences and the humanities, the new social sciences have burgeoned—a mating of scientific method with traditional thinking. Byproducts of the development of science have given us everything from hybrid corn to the atom bomb, from management studies to frozen foods. Such haphazard developments need to be understood before they can be controlled in the interests of mankind. Fortunately, the great British scientists—Eddington, Jeans, Huxley—have been ready to explain to the layman in lucid prose what science is all about. We review here Sir James Jeans's last book—and two studies illustrating the application of science in the diverse fields of agriculture and social relations.

History of Ideas

THE GROWTH OF PHYSICAL SCIENCE. By Sir James Jeans. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1948. 346 pp. $4.

Reviewed by LOUIS N. RIDENOUR

SIR JAMES H. JEANS, who died in September 1946, in this, his final book, sustains the incomparable reputation he enjoys as a clear and interesting writer for the layman with an interest in science. Macmillan now publishes the first American edition of Sir James's history of science, whose British edition appeared in 1947, and whose proofs he corrected just before his death.

The aim of the book is admirably stated in the brief preface:

> I have felt no ambition (nor competence) to add to [the professional histories of science now in existence], but I have thought that I might usefully try to describe the main lines of advance of physical science, including astronomy and mathematics but excluding all points and side-issues, in language non-technical enough to be understood by readers who have no scientific attainments or knowledge.

Now it is undeniably true that the reader's appreciation of a book such as this is conditioned to a large extent by his knowledge of the matters with which the author deals. The completely non-technical reader is as apt to be pleased by a penny-dreadful style and a complete absence of scientific reliability as he is to enjoy the measured periods and the impeccable fact that Jeans offers. For this reason I am incompetent to review the book I am now telling you about. I am, or have recently been, a practicing physical scientist; and I am therefore critical of the compromises with the truth that may be made in the writing of a popular book on science. When these compromises do not exist, or are unimportant, I am pleased and enthusiastic; when there are many of them I am inclined to feel that the author might better stick to confessed fiction. I have little judgment of what may engage the lively interest of the lay reader. I hope that, other things being equal, the lay reader will be better pleased with a good scientific job than a bad one; but there are plenty of examples of popular books full of questionable science to make me doubt that this will be so.

Jeans has, as usual, done a splendid job from my parochial standpoint. He was a scientist, and a great one. He also had the gift of being able to write in a clear and interesting way. His interests were more eclectic than those of most scientists of our day, and he was therefore better able to generalize for the non-specialist than most of the other scientists of his generation could do.

In this book he has written a sort of history of ideas, from the remote beginnings of organized knowledge

Foretaste

By Joseph Francis Murphy

THE WAR was over, and we were still at sea,
And the captain was proud; proud of his ship and men.
But he did a thing that closed a door on me
When he passed the word that the brass must shine again.

The battle paint of the top-side brass must go,
So the seamen scraped, and the very young seemed glad.
The captain was pleased to see things shining so,
But his face resembled the long, gray days we'd had.

A door was closed, and another door swung out,
And the brass was shined, and the sun could have her fling.
That was our warning, then, of the raucous shout
Of the postwar world and its unremembering.

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in Babylonia and Egypt to Eddington's most recent (and most dubious) speculations on the synthesis of quantum theory with relativistic cosmology. Modern science occupies one of eight chapters, and the emphasis is therefore on the growth of ideas over the centuries of which we have record. Even though I have some familiarity with the classical history of science, I was a little surprised to learn from Jeans how completely Aristarchus had anticipated Copernicus and Kepler in establishing the true nature of the planetary system shortly before Ptolemy, and 1,500 years before the general acceptance of the heliocentric notion of the solar system.

If there is a fault in this admirable book, it exists in the eighth and final chapter, whose title is "The Era of Modern Physics." Bohr's theory of atomic structure is made to appear a tentative and old-fashioned thing—which it no doubt was in 1915—but, further, one that was superseded by the growth of quantum mechanics at the hands of Heisenberg and of Schroedinger. Such a treatment neglects the great influence of Bohr's principle of complementarity on the subsequent growth of quantum theory, and depreciates to an undue extent the *"Copenhagener Geist der Quantentheorie"* of which Bohr was, and is, the leader.

It will be observed that I have been reduced to criticizing this book from a narrow, professional standpoint. I strongly recommend that anyone interested in science read it for himself. It has rich rewards, and not the least of these is that it is completely reliable.

Louis N. Ridenour was formerly with the radar project, is now dean of the Graduate School of the University of Illinois.

Revolution on the Farm

THE HYBRID - CORN MAKERS: Prophets of Plenty. By Richard Crabb. Brunswick: Rutgers University Press. 1947. 331 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by WALTER MAGNES TELLER

FROM such a title as "The Hybrid-Corn Makers" one may not readily deduce that this is a book about revolution. But it is. For whether we know it or like it we live in the midst of crisis and change and down on the farm the revolutionary character of our times is clearly discernible.

The past fifty years have brought greater changes to agriculture than the previous two thousand, yet it appears that the revolution is only beginning. For example, in the last half century, out of the folds of a plant kept alive by the red men through thousands of years, some two dozen men have unfolded the potentials for banishing hunger and want around the world.

These are the hybrid-corn makers, the men who took Indian maize that was little changed since Squanto taught the settlers of Plymouth Colony how to plant and care for corn; who by patient, imaginative experiment, by application of the theories of Darwin and Mendel, produced the hybrids, corn miraculously improved in food content, in quantity of yield, in immunity to disease. Most of these men are still living.

Thus when Richard Crabb decided to look deeply into this matter of hybrid corn and find out for sure who was responsible for it, he went to meet these prophets of plenty (as he calls them) wherever they were, in New England, on Nebraska's plains, in Minnesota, in Tennessee.

Eugene Davenport, Cyril G. Hopkins, Edward Murray East, George H. Shull, Donald F. Jones, Henry Agard Wallace are some of the names in this green and growing chapter in the annals of civilization.

About a year ago a prosperous picture magazine ran an article on hybrid corn. As I recall it, Mr. Wallace's name was not mentioned in the slick paper *Life*. But in the life of breeding and feeding Mr. Wallace had considerable to do with the matter as the author of this book makes plain. The fact is that if Wallace had done nothing further he would still be remembered for his notable work as a hybrid-corn maker. In the mid-Twenties, before most agronomists, farm magazine editors, or corn farmers were even aware of the beginnings of hybrid corn research, he wrote in *Wallace's Farmer:*

> No seed company, farmer, or experiment station has any inbred seed or cross of inbred seed [the crossing of inbreds makes the hybrids] for sale today. The revolution has not come yet, but I am certain that it will come within ten or fifteen years.

Fifteen years later ninety per cent of the corn planted in the corn belt was hybrid.

Already the effect of hybrid corn is felt in our social, industrial, and political institutions. While the nation's population is growing and the average size of farm unit is increasing, the number of farmers is declining. These are important byproducts, not only of the higher yields of the hybrids, but their ability to stand up to a mechanical picker. As these giant shuckers made of rubber and steel march down the rows, the frozen, bleeding hands, the husking bees are quietly retreating into history.

It was not many years ago that Richard Crabb began his writing career as a correspondent for the *Peoria Star*. Now his book establishes him in the front ranks of agricultural writers. He has done a solid job on a solid topic and his literary performance is more than a cut or two above the usual disgraceful level of American farm journalism. However, in a future edition I would like to see him refer to a certain well-known historian as Francis Parkman rather than "the historian, Parker."

Walter Magnes Teller is the author of "The Farm Primer." He also collaborated on two books—"Roots in the Earth" and "What Is Farming?" He edits Countrybooks, *a quarterly, published in New York, devoted to country living.*

—From "In Henry's Backyard."

"The only people entirely without race prejudice are now in the first and second grades. Their freedom is not likely to last. But this book might help."

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Homogenizing the Human Family

IN HENRY'S BACKYARD: The Races of Mankind. By Ruth Benedict and Gene Weltfish. New York: Henry Schuman. 1948. *Unpaged.* $2.

Reviewed by LUCIEN WARNER

THIS thin volume, mostly pictures, is a vastly abbreviated and simplified version of the "Races of Mankind," written by the same eminent anthropologists. This version, which can be read in fifteen minutes, has no literary, artistic, or scientific pretensions. It must be judged as propaganda, which it is, quite frankly.

With the volume's motive—to help destroy race prejudice—no reasonable man can find fault. Those already convinced will find their convictions confirmed by it. But how successful will this book be in straightening the warp in the thinking of the many Henrys who don't want niggers, chinks, or wops living in their backyards? To answer this question I sought members of the superior race who were convinced of their superiority and tried the book on them. They were easy to find here in the Southwest where I am vacationing. I am afraid they're easy to find anywhere. Herewith are my findings.

Case No. 1

A prosperous rancher, he is affable, gaunt, fortyish. Before reading the book he convicted himself by boasting of his tolerance in occasionally hiring hands having Indian or Mexican ancestry. After reading, he said, "I'm as democratic as the next fellow—more so—but you can't tell a cattle breeder there aren't differences in strains. We know it. We live by it. What goes for cattle goes for people and if these two college scientists think different they're screwy, which I suspect anyway."

Case No. 2

A society leader in a remote town of 8,500 people, of whom she said, before reading, "only 150 really count." After reading, "I'm still glad my mother was one of the — of St. Louis. But the pictures *are* amusing."

Case No. 3

A veteran now attending college. Before reading he expressed small faith in the UN and in the possibility of cooperating with the Russians, Germans, or Japanese. After reading he shook his head and didn't want to talk. Finally, being pushed, he said, "I don't think any man in our outfit in the South Pacific would ever like shaking hands with a Jap—any Jap."

Cases 4, 5, and 6 were quite similar, but two cases were a bit different. The first was an American citizen whom you and I might call a Mexican. His nineteen years were spent in the lowest rental section of Los Angeles. He is a high-school graduate. Before reading I could not draw an opinion out of him. After reading, he said, "I stood third in my class. The boy who stood forty-eighth and I wanted the same job. He's a good guy. I like him. He got the job." Unfortunately, facts back up the lad's experience. Several employers out here admit that his people are the last hired, the first fired.

My final case. A schoolmarm. Young, aggressively young. Her lonely, one-room schoolhouse contains an unusually wide range of ages, and of races of mankind. Before reading she proudly betrayed herself as an arrogant idealist. After reading, "The only people—and I include myself—entirely without race prejudice are now in the first and second grades. Their freedom is not likely to last. But this book might help. I wish I had twenty-five copies."

I think I need draw no moral.

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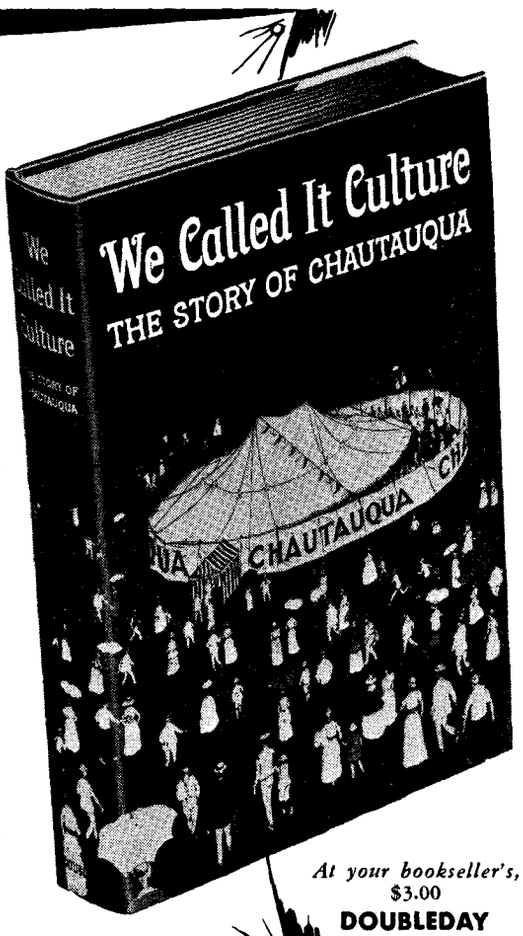

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Seeing Things

THE FRUIT OF ENLIGHTENMENT

WE ARE a nation of joiners. Maturity does not release us from the fraternity or sorority habit. Each city, each hamlet, up and down the land is inhabited by more clubs than citizens. Clubs for every purpose, all interests, all ages. Clubs practical or Pickwickian. Clubs that lunch, sew, dine, sing, read, fish, golf, sail, play cards, hunt, spy on birds, or, more arduous still, just sit and listen together. Clubs which overcrowd the calendar by meeting regularly for countless causes, remembered or forgotten, but chief among which no doubt is loneliness.

Among all the orders with which the land teems, there are many larger but none more devoted than that happily unorganized band of men and women whose eyes brighten at the merest mention of Edith Hamilton. Ours (let me proudly confess that I am, and have long been, a member) is a small club, far smaller than it should be. Even so, it has its virtues.

We do not meet except by chance, and then conversationally, in the most unlikely places. We pay no dues. We have no officers, no committees, and no known list of members. No good works are required of us since Miss Hamilton has performed them for us by writing them. Our membership is self-elected and open to all. We discriminate only against those undiscriminating enough not to have read Edith Hamilton's books. Upon such mortals we squander our pity. We realize they have been discriminating against themselves.

Let a reader of "The Greek Way," for example, encounter anywhere, at any time, a person hitherto unmet, and let one of them admit his admiration for it, however casually, and, more than ceasing to be strangers, the two are certain to become friends. Why not? Between them there is a bond; a union of tastes; a confession of shared ideals. They sense this instantly and rejoice in it.

Whereupon, without more ado, they generally proceed to hold a typical meeting of an Edith Hamilton club. Her name is the only sorority pin, fraternal grip, or party card necessary. It can fall like a gavel on the oddest assembly, calling it to order at least in a distant corner of a noisy room. I know whereof I write. I have taken part in far too many such impromptu sessions in one American own after another not to discover how binding a fraternity the Hamiltonians are.

The reasons for this, though compelling, are simple enough. Moreover, they are again made clear in "Witness to the Truth,"* Miss Hamilton's latest book, a study of Christ and His interpreters, completed in her eighty-first year. If what follows is more in the nature of a club bulletin (printed for once) than a review, it is not only because the announcement of a new volume by Miss Hamilton is good news. It is also because I, as a mere believer in Christ and no theologian, have neither the equipment nor the inclination to criticize "Witness to the Truth." I am content to stammer my gratitude for the illumination it has brought me, the pleasure it has given me, and the qualities it possesses which are very much its author's and hers alone.

In any period Edith Hamilton would be exceptional; in ours she is unique. At all times those people are few and far between who can—indeed, who must—be described as having nobility of mind and spirit. It is to this slim fellowship that Miss Hamilton belongs. She is as uncorrupted by the vulgarities of the present as she is undowned by its pressures. The Acropolis does not soar with greater grandeur above Athens than she does above most of her contemporaries.

She is a popularizer but no vulgarizer; a liaison officer between the finest that has been and the finest that is. She speaks to the layman without condescension or cajolery. Her style is Doric in its simplicity, its strength, its beauty. Neither the curse of classroom dulness nor the arid snobbery of many of culture's rarefied custodians is hers. Although a scholar, she is not a pedant. She writes from the heart as well as the head. Her learning and her living are linked. Large as is her erudition, her wisdom is larger. The elevation of her thinking is equaled only by the altitude of her spirit.

In many respects she is one of the last Greeks of the Great Age. Their calm, their reason, their realism, their pure sense of perfection, their genius for brevity, their concern with the

*WITNESS TO THE TRUTH—Christ and His Interpreters. By Edith Hamilton. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 1948. 230 pp. $3.

"In any period Edith Hamilton would be exceptional; in ours she is unique."

imponderables — all these are hers. This is why among the countless ambassadors sent out by the ancient Athenians, few have served Athens more persuasively than she. But Miss Hamilton is more than an emissary from one nation. She is a citizen of two worlds—the antique and the modern—and is equally at home with the best of both.

CONTEMPORARY education has to a large extent plowed under the classic past. More than being dead, Latin and Greek have become buried languages. Our educators have seen to that. They have wanted to make education "popular" and sought to have it practical. The classics may have been all right as tag-furnishers for English gentlemen of a vanished age. But not for Americans. Not today, at any rate. Not in this age of science and mass production. Ask the Chamber of Commerce. Ask the Rotary Club. Ask the student or his parents. It's too hard trying to keep up with our own appalling times to bother about the remote past.

Did a knowledge of Xenophon or Juvenal ever turn a soda-jerker into a tycoon? The point of modern education in America is usefulness, not culture. If it aids in gaining profitable employment, it can skip interior richness. The results must be of an immediate cash-and-carry kind. Moreover, everything must be made as easy as possible. The motto of the so-called progressives is, apparently, spare the whim and spoil the child. Hence no brambles along the path. No disciplined marching. No steep cliffs to climb. Just a level and fairly straight highway (macadamed, of course) leading to a job.

Fortunately, Miss Hamilton is one of those (they are not too numerous

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any more) for whom the classic past is not dead. It lives for her even as she makes it live for us. Her pages are constant reminders to us—the ignorant—of both the delights and the nourishment which indulgent, insufficient schooling has denied us. We thank her the more for the kindness of her sharing because of the unkindness done us in our youth in kindness's name.

A mind—a real mind—is as uncommon among women as it is among men. Miss Hamilton's intellect is of a high and muscular variety. Obviously it is not the product of an education made easy for little minds by lazy, timid, or untutored teachers.

The best—the enduring, indisputable best — is Miss Hamilton's concern. Greatness neither frightens her nor embarrasses her. She runs to it rather than away from it. With it she is as much at home as most of us are with the topical, the third-rate, or trash. Culture for her is no pretension. It is, as it should be among educated people, the assumption of her living. If (between detective stories) she feeds on the classics; if she turns to Pindar, the great Greek tragedians, Aristophanes, Cicero, Horace, or the Gospels as readily as most of us turn to today's best sellers, it is because she enjoys them. The pleasure they give her is undimmed by any sense of duty.

Miss Hamilton related in "The Greek Way" how, more than fifty-five years ago when she was the first woman student at Heidelberg, she once heard a famous German scholar lecture. He was talking about the passage in which the ghosts will not speak to Odysseus until he has given them blood to drink. At this point the professor added, "So, too, the dear ghosts of that departed world will not speak to us unless we give them of our heart's blood." This is what Miss Hamilton has done unstintingly. It explains, at least in part, why they have spoken to her and she has been able to speak ably for them.

When she began reading Greek, I do not know. But in "The Roman Way" Miss Hamilton tells us she has read Latin ever since her father, "who knew nothing about methods for softening the rigors of study," started her at seven on "Six Weeks' Preparation for Caesar." Since then she has continued to read Latin for pleasure. She reads it precisely as she would read German or French. Or, for that matter, English. Furthermore, she has the gift to make her pleasure contagious.

Although Miss Hamilton is now eighty, and young; she is in her twenties as a writer. She did not turn author until about 1927 after she had

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completed a full and successful career as headmistress of the Bryn Mawr School. From this delayed start, her writing gains immensely. Unlike most Americans, she does not turn out books smelling as much of hasty homework as a newly decorated apartment smells of paint. She writes from a full reservoir. Her subject is part of her, she of it. This is the explanation of her mellowness, her serenity, her ease, and her authority.

Although she wrote illuminatingly about the Romans in "The Roman Way" (and with particular charm about Horace), she could not hide her dislike of Imperial Rome. Her real love has always been the Greeks. Her "Mythology," so much better than Bulfinch's, makes this clear. So does her "Three Greek Plays," translations which are wonderfully free of the Swinburnian flourishes of Gilbert Murray. So, above all, does "The Greek Way" (now amplified into "The Great Age of Greek Literature" and soon to be included on the Penguin list) which is her finest work.

But the Bible has also held its fascinations for Miss Hamilton. Although she grappled valiantly with a difficult subject in "The Prophets of Israel," any reader of that book was bound to suspect her major interest was the New Testament. "Witness to the Truth" indicates that these suspicions were not groundless. It stands in the same relationship to "The Prophets of Israel" as "The Greek Way" does to "The Roman Way."

In her admirable essay on tragedy in "The Greek Way," Miss Hamilton pointed out, "It is not given to all to suffer alike. We differ in nothing more than in our power to feel. There are souls of little and of great degree, and upon that degree the dignity and significance of each life depend. . . . To [tragedy's] realm those alone are admitted who belong to the only true aristocracy, that of passionate souls. Tragedy's one essential is a soul that can feel greatly."

Since Miss Hamilton belongs beyond question to that aristocracy of her own memorable definition, it is not surprising that she writes with wisdom, insight, and beauty about Jesus. Like T. R. Glover before her, she performs a service few clergymen succeed in performing, and preaches a far better sermon than can be heard in most churches in a decade of Sundays.

Miss Hamilton places Christ's agony against the background of Socrates's trial and death. She tells the absorbing story of how the Gospels came to be written. She brings all her scholarship, her realism, and her rare human and literary insight to distinguishing between the styles and minds of each of the four writers. She is masterly in her sketch of St. Paul, and at her noblest in dealing with Christ.

The fine thing about "Witness to the Truth" is that in it Miss Hamilton sees beyond ritual, theology, and the temporal church into what was the great, simple challenge of Christ and his teaching. The tragedy of the world, as she points out with eloquence, is how far it has gone from Christ in spite of Christianity. She knows that Christ and Christianity all too often have little in common.

What the ministers and the theologians will think of "Witness to the Truth," I cannot guess and do not greatly care. I can only confess that it taught me, a professed and believing Christian, countless things I did not know and had neither suspected nor thought about. I put it down the wiser, the more awakened, the more curious, and the firmer in faith. I put it down, too, once again understanding why it is that eyes brighten and strangers become friends at the merest mention of Edith Hamilton's name.

JOHN MASON BROWN.

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reality to one of unreality or nightmare. In "Arabesque—The Mouse," for example, we have the analysis of a half-crazed Russian obsessed with memories of his mother who had bled to death after losing both hands in an accident. This Russian, having set a trap for a mouse, fails to kill the animal. Instead, "the thing crouched there holding out its two bleeding stumps humanly, too stricken to stir."

If he is first of all a teller of tales, Coppard is next a poet and an artist. Passages of real lyric beauty appear and reappear in his stories; the final effect of much of his work is closer to that evoked by poetry than by prose. Many of these stories deserve to be read and remembered long after many of Coppard's more publicized contemporaries are forgotten.

Three Snake Pits

THE STUBBORN WOOD. By Emily Harvin. Chicago: Ziff-Davis Publishing Co. 1948. 365 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by STEPHANIE J. BENÉT

WHAT goes on behind the scenes of not one, but three insane asylums is spared no lurid detail here. The author's intentions were no doubt good—the exposé to end all exposés of mental hospitals today. Unfortunately, as in all novels of social significance, more than crusading zeal and the required information are necessary to create a work that will absorb the reader. Here we have the chief flaw in Miss Harvin's book. She has more than the information required to chill and harrow her reader but she has little else.

Her facts are thickly scattered throughout the meshes of a confused and fantastic plot; her characters are colorless. Monica Prystal, our heroine, spends the major portion of her time weeping her way through three mental institutions. Deem Prystal, her alcoholic husband, consigns Monica to two privately-owned institutions in order to carry on an affair with another woman. This amorous entanglement on his part eventually leads him into financial difficulties and Monica is therefore shifted from the expensive private sanitarium to a state hospital where she can be cared for on twenty dollars a month. All seems lost, but surprisingly enough the state institution proves to be Monica's salvation. There no one is interested in keeping Monica behind bars in order to collect large sums from her husband, and after a few months she finds herself released by a kindly state doctor over her husband's objections.

There are extensive descriptions of the patients, personnel, and surroundings of all three institutions. In the first asylum the patients are all drugged heavily. In the second institution we find a sadistic woman doctor whose chief aim appears to be the mental degeneration of her patients. She spends much of her time goading Monica to suicide, even suggesting where she can find the necessary implements. In both institutions, operated for profit, the patients are beaten, have their teeth dashed out against the walk, and are otherwise generally mutilated and mistreated.

Undeniably Miss Harvin is at her best describing the patients and the interiors of the asylums. These descriptions are extremely vivid and contain a wealth of detail. However, they do not save the book from being a poorly written, badly put together, and trite piece of work. If Miss Harvin yearned to expose the mental hospital, she should have chosen some form other than a novel. A straightforward account of institutional shortcomings would have been far more effective than what we have here. As "The Stubborn Wood" stands now the reader is unable to tell how many of the facts presented are true and how many are the products of Miss Harvin's imagination. "The Stubborn Wood" is neither a good story, nor is it an illuminating and valid account of social conditions.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 249

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 249 *will be found in the next issue.*

VWINDHS RM EW TRMADJLN

HW J CJE, GOH RH RM

LWEYWOETNTZS

RELWEINERNEH.—MSTENS

MCRHU.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 248

The cook was a good cook, as cooks go; and as cooks go she went.
SAKI

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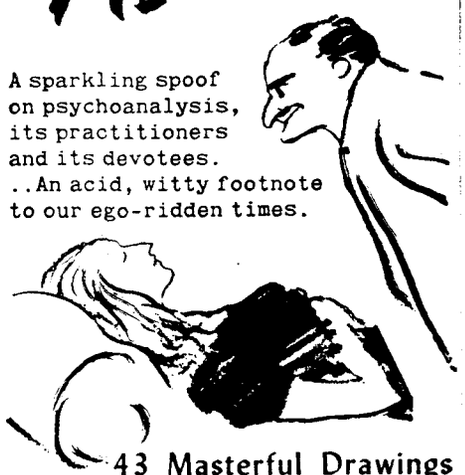
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THE FINE ARTS

THE CASE OF INGRES

OF ALL nineteenth-century artists, none appears to be so inexhaustible a subject as Jean-Auguste-Dominique Ingres. I do not know why this should be so. I do not understand entirely why there is still more to discover about him than about his great rival Delacroix, an artist of richer intelligence and more varied career. Ingres was far from being a scintillating man, however great as a painter, and one would think him relatively simple to describe, once and for all. But this is not true. Despite the numerous monographs on the master published over the past seventy-five years, he is ever elusive, changing, fresh; and seemingly must be reappraised by each new generation.

Our own century has looked at Ingres particularly hard. For the Cubists and their followers the Purists, Ingres' flat, zonal application of color was more appealing than Delacroix's fused tones and values of reflected light, once revered by the Impressionists. Indeed, these twentieth-century painters mentioned Ingres in the same breath with Cézanne and Seurat, as a precursor of their search for abstract form, as a prophet of their direction, who had once declared: "I am absolutely convinced that every object represented in painting can be accomplished with a ruler and a pair of compasses." Moreover, toward the end of the First World War, Ingres' drawings—those miracles of precision which he executed at astonishing speed—became the basis of a linear style adopted by Picasso and some of his associates.

Thus far, in terms of influence, we are dealing with Ingres the classicist, with the stubborn, exalted craftsman who conceived of his mission as carrying the torch of Raphael into the modern esthetic penumbra, which he hated. But Ingres was also, as one of his contemporaries called him, "A Chinese lost in the ruins of Athens." He admired the Persian miniaturists; he understood Oriental painting; he even liked Japanese prints, though probably not of the "popular" kind brought to eminence by the later nineteenth-century cult for the inexpensive. Ingres also had a strong, and for him rather troubling, taste for Byzantine art, for the visual aspects of the Middle Ages, for the Italian and Flemish Primitives, for the late Gothic French illuminators. He drew on many sources (artists today are sometimes condemned for doing precisely the same thing). Consequently, his classicism was frequently enlivened by emotive distortions and archaistic mannerisms. On occasion it also conveyed an uncanny sense of mood, so that Baudelaire spoke of an Ingres figure as existing "in an almost frightening daylight," while a critic of 1840 said of the painter's "Odalisque with a Slave": "There is an incredible silence throughout this picture."

BECAUSE of these non-classical virtues, Ingres' art has appealed to many twentieth-century painters whose inclination is different from that of the Cubists and the later abstractionists. Let me give you two extreme examples. The modern master Georges Rouault is properly classified as an expressionist, that is, as a painter who has aspired to subjective release instead of objective order. Of no artist has Rouault spoken more warmly than of Ingres; his own wry-necked figures owe something to the picture which he describes as "Ingres' Angelica, with its long neck stylized like an antique column transported to an evil place." This same painting—the Louvre's "Roger and Angelica"—was greatly admired, too, by the Parisian Neo-Romantic generation of 1926. They found in it a supernatural atmospheric intensity. They were contrarily bored with the

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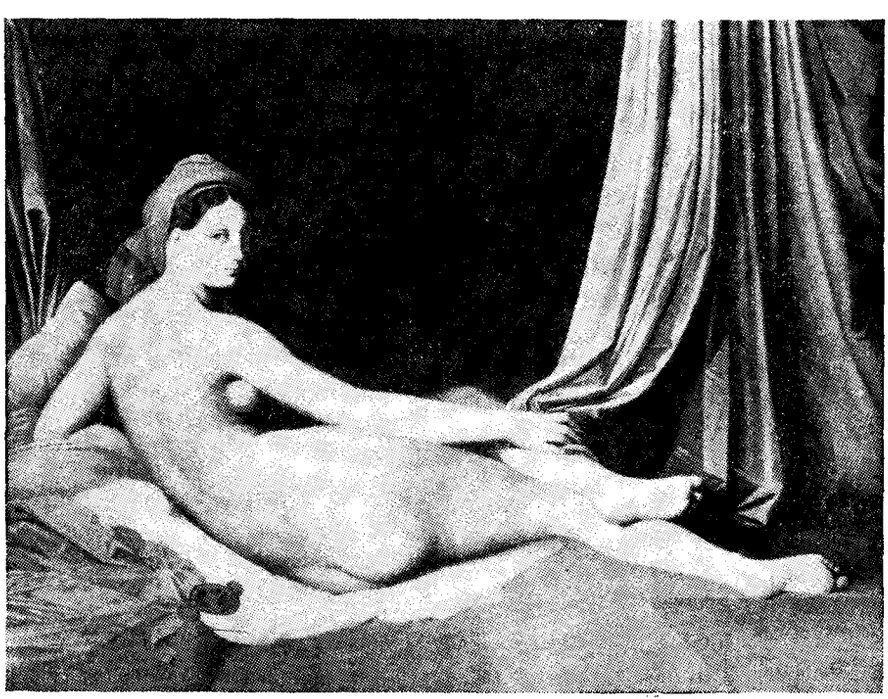
Romantic Delacroix who, by category and example, might have been expected to play a part in their attempt to revive a lyricism of hour, mood, and place which the Cubists had excluded. Nor is Ingres' multi-faceted influence exhausted today. A few months ago I asked Arshile Gorky, a leader of the growing school of biomorphic symbolism, what painters of the past he admired. "Most of all, Ingres," he replied.

Ingres was born in Montauban, the child of an artist whose indefatigable lechery was finally sublimated by the son into that extraordinary image of old-age concupiscence, "The Turkish Bath." Except in art matters, Ingres's education was haphazard and brief; his letters are nearly illiterate, though not thereby impaired in wisdom. He was in no sense a cultured aristocrat like Delacroix—"a bourgeois, what a frightful bourgeois!" the sculptor Rude said of him. But Ingres' eye was acute, and he learned from it ceaselessly. Trained under Jacques Louis David at the Ecole des Beaux Arts, he went to Italy in 1806 and remained for eighteen years, returning in middle age for a briefer stay as director of the French Academy in Rome. When he stopped in Florence on his first trip, he rushed to see Masaccio's frescoes in the Brancacci Chapel. He promptly wrote home: "How they [the Davidians] have fooled me!" Perhaps he was the first important painter to sift carefully the classical lode brought to light during the late eighteenth century. At any rate his eye taught him differences that the erudite archeologists had missed, and he did not repeat his elders' common mistake of forcing Phidias and the Romans, Raphael and Guido Reni, through the same qualitative screen. He learned rapidly, both as a connoisseur and as a practising painter. Because of his dogged character, it is tempting to assume that he bullied his art into perfection. Nothing could be farther from the truth. He was prodigiously gifted to begin with, and if George Sand once described him to Delacroix as "half a man of genius," the fact is that he was born a complete one. To the end of his career he did nothing finer than the paintings and drawings of his youth.

HIS long life was devoted to work and domesticity. As a young man he was engaged to Julie Forestier. The romance foundered on Ingres' determination to remain in Italy, and Julie's explanation of her lasting spinsterhood provides its poignant memorial—"When one has had the honor to be the fiancée of M. Ingres, one does not marry." The painter next courted a Mlle. Laure Zoega, but decided against her for the commendable reason that she was excessively fond of dancing. He finally married Madeleine Chapelle, and three years after her death in 1849 took a second wife. Both marriages were apparently happy, but we know little about either: nothing, really, that throws light on those strange conflicts of character which only an artist of Ingres' fortitude could have made fertile or even tolerable.

Ingres' appearance was that of a



—*Metropolitan Museum of Art*

Ingres' "Odalisque," a neutral-toned variant of the version in full color in the Louvre. . . . "He denied the abrupt purpose of joints."

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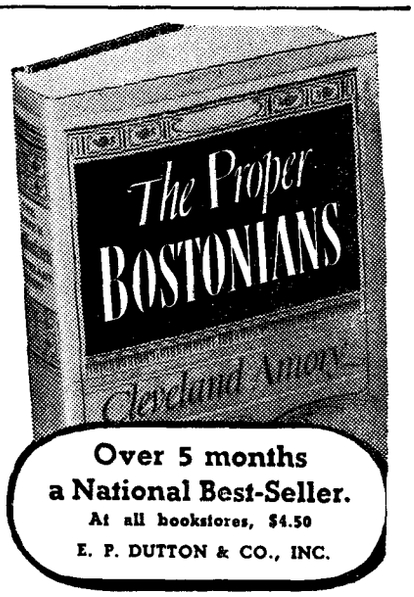

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stolid peasant. His face was thick in feature, round, blubbery, with sensual lips. He was short but powerful, gorilla-like as he grew older. He looked so savagely strong that it is difficult to believe he was emotionally unstable, but he was. He cried when his drawings were bad; he cried when friends offended him; he cried when he saw a new Raphael, or when his pupils pleased him. His rages were frightening, and his temper reminds us that if quarreling is the intimacy of the frigid, it is also release for the warm. He feared nothing when aroused. He disrupted an important meeting of Napoleon III's cabinet in order to warn the Emperor against the proposed cleaning of a Raphael. He was so vindictive that he followed the body of his enemy Vivant-Denon to the grave, and watched it disappear with evident satisfaction. He was a disciplinarian and an implacable defender of the classical right. But inside him there was a distraught energy which broke through in certain works, perhaps most revealingly in those smaller historical pictures which he called "little monsters," as though he knew he could not control their wayward strain.

He was almost pathologically squeamish by nature, so much so that Mme. Ingres had to cover his head with a shawl when they passed a diseased beggar on the street. And at this juncture, I think, we come on a specific psychological clue to a fundamental of his style—his love of rounded, ample flesh. The study of anatomy, all-important to his cherished Renaissance masters, he described as "this frightful science, this horrible thing, about which I cannot even think without disgust." In his own figure painting, he was careful to pad out the skeletal structure, disguising it as much as possible. Pure stylistic considerations entered in, of course, but there is assuredly a connection between Ingres' fear of anatomy and his liking for pudgy forms, his invention, for instance, of those boneless, wavering fingers with which Thetis tweaks Jupiter's beard in the famous, ridiculous, wonderful picture of 1811. So far as he could, Ingres denied the abrupt purpose of joints in the human body. Yet one of his story's many paradoxes is that an ardent disciple was Degas, whose art often dramatizes the angular functions of elbow and knee.

There has just come to hand a new book "Ingres," by Jean Cassou (Brussels, 1947, $2.50 in American bookshops), and I think we must accept its author's definition of Ingres as a "mystificator" — a curious yet just name for an artist who intended to be dogmatically clear. The little volume makes us realize again that we have not yet touched the depths either of Ingres' intricate personality or of his sometimes enigmatic art. Though accorded endless honors, Ingres was almost paranoiac in his sensitivity to criticism, and in defiance of his Romantic contemporaries, once cried: "Time works for me." It does indeed. JAMES THRALL SOBY.

Thoughts on Not Being Able to Attend the Annual Meeting of the College English Association

By Christopher Morley

OUR reduplicative lingo
Loves an echolalial stingo.

In the mountains, willy nilly,
I am always a hill billy.

In the Tennysonian valley
I dilly dally, shilly shally.

So in Scots I'm kittle cattle,
And, at tea time, tittle tattle.

Or, in Erse (no laughing joke)
I'm argle bargle, okey doke.

Then in England, that is, Blighty,
I can rise to highty tighty.

At the zoo I play the monkey,
In the juke I'm honky tonky.

In the mesdames' women's club a
Wise man don't cry hubba hubba,

But in bars he can be cosy,
Boogy woogy, dos-a-dozy.

This could go on without limit
If you cared to stir and skim it:
Heeby jeeby, hinky dinky,
Arsy versy, hanky panky,
Hugger mugger, hurly burly,
Razzle dazzle, roly poly—
Like pebbles on a low-tide beach
Lies the genius of our speech.

So remember, you who teach
Need not be snobbish:
There's shells and amber
In that rubbish.
For philosopher or dunce
A moral in these verbal dice:
To make it stick, don't say it once,
But say it twice.

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ITALY IN TRANSITION

(*Continued from page 19*)

in the first thirty years of the twentieth century. Even more impressive is the human attitude which emerges from these letters: the scientific objectivity which Gramsci maintained throughout and the heroic energy with which he fought the danger of being dragged down by depressing external circumstances and increasing illness.

A marked prevalence of political and social interests in Italy today reflected in the fact that among recent works in the field of pure literature, the two most discussed books have a marked social content. One of these, Carlo Levi's "Christ Stopped at Eboli," needs no introduction to the American reader, since it has been translated into English. The other is the first book of a young writer: Giuseppe Berto's "Il Cielo E Rosso" ("The Sky Is Red"). The author began to write this novel when he was a prisoner of war in Texas; and perhaps some influence of Steinbeck's "Grapes of Wrath" can be detected in the author's device of presenting at the opening of each chapter a general description of the progress made in rebuilding the life of an Italian town destroyed by an air raid. Thereafter, the central narrative, concerned with the fortunes of a few individual inhabitants, is resumed. The theme of the book is one of Italy's most crucial social issues: that of making useful members of society out of young people who grew up in the chaotic years of the Fascist regime's disintegration, of partisan fights, and of occupation, without knowledge of the significance of moral values or social order.

Italian fiction is not modern in the sense that the novelists apply new psychological methods or attempt stylistic experiments. The impact of tradition has always been strong in Italy. Moreover, anti-traditionalist art was not encouraged under Fascism. Italian writers, moreover, are still so interested in the content, in the social problem with which they deal that they bestow little attention on questions of form. It is still a transitional situation, in which the chef interest of the writers and of the public lies in seeking to define the position in which they find themselves. But the attempt at general reorientation, which is the underlying theme of all current Italian intellectual efforts, is undertaken on such a broad European basis that the literature which will emerge, when the experiences of Fascism and war are set in perspective, should be of general significance.

Historian, OSS German expert during the war, and contributor to "Makers of Modern Strategy" (1943), Felix Gilbert now teaches at Sarah Lawrence College.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
I AM THE CAT *Rosemary Kutak* (Farrar, Straus: $2.50)	Fatal "accidents" in Long Island mansion imperil visiting psychiatrist. Stolid, realistic assistant district attorney gets the right line on deaths.	Liberal and interesting doses of psychiatry as practised in the Army, a killer who walked alone, sound plotting, and touch-and-go solution.	Superior
LADY AFRAID *Lester Dent* (Crime Club: $2)	Young widow's attempt to get her child away from inimical grandparents leads to stabbing of crooked lawyer. Blunt yachtsman helps heroine.	Drama with some heart-rending and numerous exciting moments played effectively by remarkably vital characters against twenty-four-hour Florida background.	Above average
HE DIED OF MURDER *Shelley Smith* (Harper's: $2.50)	Incomprehensible shooting of religious cult head in fallow field brings Det. Insp. Chaos down from London for much urbane and effective sleuthing.	Odd personalities belonging to "Brotherhood of Seekers" supply color, if not movement, to well-written, acceptably plotted, and occasionally tedious puzzler.	Slowly-paced but satisfying
VENTUROUS LADY *George Harmon Coxe* (Knopf: $2.50)	Shootings in Conn. summer-theatre colony involve fiancee of publicity man, who helps police unravel affair with double-barreled solution.	Aptly portrayed actors, managers, etc.—including some priceless heels—keep action churning rapidly to logical conclusion which will astonish most readers.	Top-notcher

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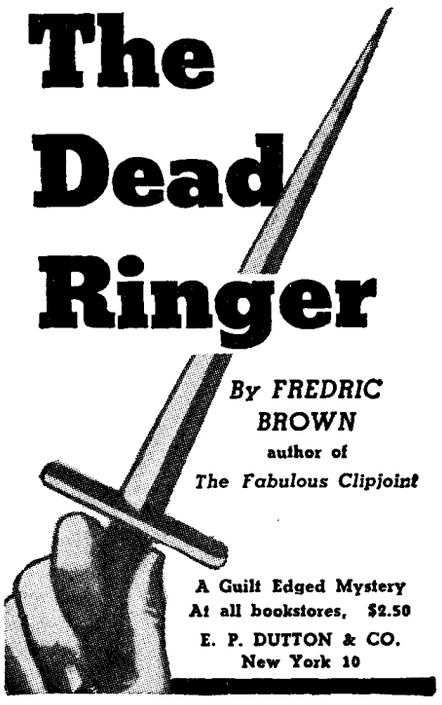

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the Phoenix Nest

FOLK SONG

I'M GOING to Alabama with my banjo on my knee
And see that Dixie land of Old Black Joe;
I'm going to sing a song about everything I see
And tell my dear Susannah what I know
The red dirt roads wandering past the shacks and coops,
Where Uncle Joe and his children live
With the chickens and maybe a dog or mule;
Where Jim Crow works at the depot,
And white folks say, "Stay away from our polls,
Our schools, our dining cars, and our hearts.
I'm going to Louisiana my true love for to see,
And maybe help to cut some sugar cane;
But they're cutting sugar cane with that new machinery,
And my true love's house is leaking in the rain.
The bayous are choked with hyacinths and weed—
There isn't any way out.
No buses to take Uncle Joe's children to school,
No hot lunches.
And they can't get into the state university.
Uncle Joe's in debt at the company store,
And a railway ticket North costs the rest of your life.
I'm going to Mississippi where Abe Lincoln freed the slave,
Where being black is counted as a sin;
I'm going to lay camellias upon my mammy's grave—
The hospital wouldn't let her in.
Oh, Susannah, don't you cry for me,
I'm going down to Dixie with my banjo on my knee!

DOROTHY GOODFELLOW.

* * *

Did you ever think that the Manx poet T. E. Brown anticipated Masefield's narratives with his own dialect narrative poems? Some are even called "Fo'c's'le Yarns." It is a pity that most people only know Brown by "A garden is a lovesome place, God wot, Great Scott, etc." in the Oxford Book. For he wrote, for one thing, "The Organist in Heaven," about John Wesley:

And then I saw the thunder chidden
As slave to his desire;
And then I saw the space bestridden
With four great bands of fire—

and so on. Poetry is good to think upon in a world of violence and blood and tyrannous ideologies. I never thought that word "ideology" would come to any good anyway. It had buncombe written all over it. No, old Brown the Manxman is a sturdy poet and a good one to rediscover; just as a little-known poem by Jack Squire (now Sir John) is one of the best of our time, "The Lily of Malud." I have it now in a limited edition paper copy. But I have never heard anyone mention it. It gives one a better feeling of Africa than any poem I know. Then again you may not like this fragment by old T. E. Brown, but I think it as good or better as (or than) most modern verse: It's about the Bristol Channel:

This sea was Lazarus, all day
At Dives's gate he lay,
And lapped the crumbs.
Night comes;
The beggar dies—
Forthwith the Channel, coast to coast,
Is Abraham's bosom; and the beggar lies
A lovely ghost.

* * *

Try to pick up the London edition, 1901, of T. E. Brown, with the introduction by W. E. Henley. I was lucky to find one. I wonder who W. W. B. was, who owned it before me?

* * *

FINNEGANS, HALF AWAKE

I listen to the choosers not by choice:
They wag a thousand tongues but have one voice.
O Santayana, James, Josiah Royce:
Rejoyce, rejoyce, rejoyce, rejoyce, rejoyce!

DAVID MCCORD.

* * *

The following comes to me from Tom Burns Haber of the Department of English of Ohio State University. At first I did not recognize Truman Capote's "Other Voices, Other Rooms" as a "juvenile"!

A few days ago while turning over page 237 of Jehanne d'Orliac's "Le Deuxième Mari de Lady Chatterley" I read these two sentences: *Elle avait fui Wragby, les murs de Wragby, les mots de Wragby, et la voilà, étant venue chercher les murs de la Rabinière, les mots de la Rabinière.*

"Mais d'autres murs, d'autres mots. . . ."

Do we have here the source of the title of a much-discussed recent juvenile? Or is the echo a pure accident? The book I am thinking of carries on a fly-leaf a short melancholy quotation from "Jeremiah," but somehow Jehanne d'Orliac got on the title-page.

* * *

OBSERVATIONS AT A DANCE

When other women smile at me,
And are so very sweet and chatty,
I always fear my hair's uncurled
Or that my clothes are far from natty.
Don't say that I'm a pessimist,
Don't say that I am catty.

When other women frown at me,
And look me up and down severely,
And make remarks to other "gals,"
Or shake a finger merely,
I'm always glad to feel the ice,
I know I'm looking very nice.

HELENA MIDDLETON.

* * *

Leonard J. Robbins, of New Canaan, Conn., calls my attention to the following, which I quote from *The Chemical Digest*, a publication of Foster D. Snell, Inc., New York City:

SPLITTING THE INFINITIVE

One of the most closely guarded secrets of the era can now be told, how an anonymous group of grammarians, working in secrecy in a remote section of the country, have finally succeeded in splitting the infinitive.

The so-called "Bronx-Project" got under way in 1943, with the installation of a huge infinitron specially constructed for the job by Cal Tech philologists. Though the exact details are still withheld for reasons of security, it is possible to describe the general process.

From a stockpile of fissionable gerunds, encased in leaden clichés to prevent radioactivity, a suitable subject is withdrawn and placed in the infinitron together with a small amount of syntax. All this material must be handled with great care as the slightest slip may lead to a painful solecism. Once inside the apparatus, the gerund is whirled about at a great speed, meanwhile being bombarded by small particles. A man with a Gender Counter stands always ready to warn the others if the Alpha-Betical rays are released in such high quantities as to render the scientists neuter.

The effect of the bombardment is to dissociate the whirling parts of speech from one another until at length an infinitive splits off from its gerund and is ejected from the

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machine. It is picked up gingerly with a pair of hanging clauses and plunged in a path of pleonasm. When it cools, it is ready for use.

The question is often asked: Can other countries likewise split the infinitive? I think we can safely answer, "No." Though it is true that Russia, for one, is known to have large supplies of thesaurus hidden away behind the Plural Mountains, it is doubtful if the Russians possess the scientific technique. They have the infinitive but not the know-how.

And that is something on which to congratulate our own brave pioneers in the field of grammatical research. Once it was thought that the infinitive could never be split —at least, not without terrible repercussions. We have shown that it is quite possible, given the necessary skill and courage, to unquestionably and without the slightest shadow of a doubt accomplish this modern miracle.

See how easy, once you know how?

—*With apologies to an author whose name we have been unable to learn.*

* * *

ARGUMENT WITH ONE'S SELF

Her taking, sharpened, and her giving, blunted,
Should find no reciprocity in me.
What nonsense if the straining oak were stunted
Because catalpa is a shorter tree.

ELAINE V. EMANS.

* * *

In Chapter I, "Prep. School Days" of Big Bill Edwards's reminiscent "Football Days" (Moffat, Yard & Co., 1916) he has the following literary item:

> During these days at Lawrenceville Owen Johnson gathered the material for those interesting stories in which he used his old schoolmates for the characters. The thin disguise of Doc Macnooder does not, however, conceal Doc MacNider from his old schoolboy friends. The same is true of the slightly changed names of Garry Cochran, Turk Righter, Charlie de Saulles and Billy Dibble.

Once in my boyhood, one summer evening in South Bethlehem, Pa., my mother and father went over to call on Mrs. De Saulles, Senior, on Fountain Hill; and I remember being overawed at being introduced to Charles De Saulles (Owen Johnson's "Charlie De Soto"), then a famous Yale quarterback, and his younger brother Jack, whom his mother called (with the French pronunciation) Longer. The latter was then a schoolboy at Princeton Prep., though he looked awfully big to me! He later followed in his brother's football footsteps at Yale, and later still furnished sensational news copy through his violent death. Very sad.

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

A MEMORANDUM

(*Continued from page 20*)

obedience the resolutions or commands which pretend to be laws will, in fact, amount to nothing more than advice or recommendation.

7. *Why Not Propose a Review Conference of the U.N.?*

Whereas there is a provision in the Articles of Confederation & Perpetual Union for making alterations therein by the Assent of a Congress of the United States and of the legislatures of the several States; And whereas experience hath evinced that there are defects in the present Confederation, as a means to remedy which several of the States and particularly the State of New York by express instruction to their delegates in Congress have suggested a convention for the purposes expressed in the following resolution and such Convention appearing to be the most probable means of establishing in these states a firm national government:

Resolved that in the opinion of Congress it is expedient that on the second Monday in May next a Convention of delegates who shall have been appointed by the several states be held at Philadelphia for the sole and express purpose of revising the Articles of Confederation and reporting to Congress and the several legislatures such alterations and provisions therein as shall when agreed to in Congress and confirmed by the States render the Federal Constitution adequate to the exigencies of Government & the preservation of the Union.

8. *Is This Goal Unattainable?*

This is an idea not superficial or futile, but solid and weighty. It deserves the most serious and mature consideration of every prudent and honest man of whatever party. If such men will make a firm and solemn pause, and meditate dispassionately on the importance of this interesting idea; if they will contemplate it in all its attitudes, and trace it to all its consequences, they will not hesitate to part with trivial objections to a Constitution. The airy phantoms that flit before the distempered imaginations of some of its adversaries would quickly give place to the more substantial forms of dangers—real, certain, and formidable.

Yours Respectfully,
THE FEDERALIST PAPERS.
(Signed) ALEXANDER HAMILTON.
JOHN JAY.
JAMES MADISON.

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(Continued on page 38)

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(Continued from page 37)

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DOUBLE-CROSTIC No. 731

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

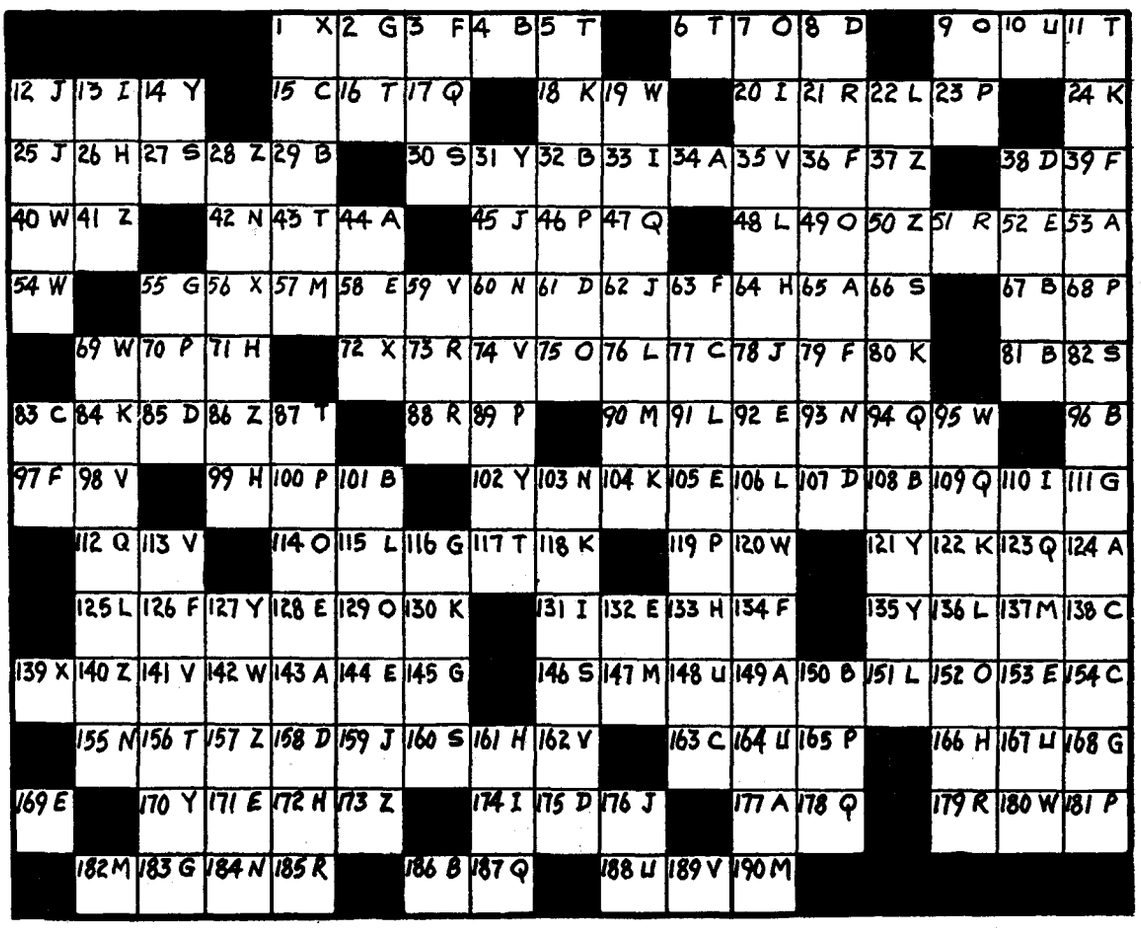
By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Having extraordinary genius.	124 143 53 44 65 34 177 149
B. Alsace-Lorraine when part of Germany, 1871-1919.	150 101 186 108 67 4 81 32 96 29
C. A tree-god or dryad (Hinduism, etc.).	163 83 138 154 15 77
D. King Arthur's attendant fool (Tennyson's "Idylls of the King").	61 107 38 8 85 175 158
E. An Ionic temple on the Acropolis.	153 144 92 105 171 52 132 169 128 58
F. Given to foolish or visionary fancies or moods.	36 3 63 39 97 134 126 79
G. Those who imitate others in person, words, etc.	145 55 2 116 183 168 111
H. American civil engineer, world authority on bridge building (1886-).	71 99 133 64 161 166 172 26
I. The smallest of mammals (family *Soricidae*).	13 20 33 110 131 174
J. Eggs of a brine fly, used as Food by native Mexicans.	25 159 12 62 45 78 176
K. The shade under which "the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep" (two wds.; Gray's "Elegy").	80 104 24 18 84 122 130 118
L. In the interval between two days.	115 22 91 76 125 151 48 136 106
M. An enemy in war.	182 190 147 57 137 90
N. A beloved of Apollo changed into a laurel tree by the gods (Gr. myth).	93 155 103 42 60 184
O. Tall, coarse garden herb whose acid stalks are used for sauce, pies, etc.	129 7 75 114 9 49 152
P. Gigantic Mexican tree, largest known specimen over 140 ft. in circumference.	70 46 165 68 100 181 89 119 23
Q. A dish, commonly of fish, served with wine sauce of onions, mushrooms, etc.	17 123 178 47 109 112 187 94
R. The first woman made by Brahma (Hindu myth.).	51 88 21 185 179 73
S. American politician whose fortune was left to found a free public library in New York City (1814-86).	27 160 30 146 82 66
T. Made an inwick (curling).	43 156 6 16 11 117 5 87
U. Ducklike birds of the rail family (mentioned in Tennyson's "Brook").	10 167 164 188 148
V. To bicker or cavil.	141 59 74 98 35 113 189 162
W. The open canopy of a forest, usually of seedling trees (forestry).	19 40 142 54 69 180 120 95
X. An English school founded by Henry VI, 1440.	139 1 56 72
Y. Runners-up of prices at auctions.	102 14 127 170 31 121 135
Z. English settlers (corruption by North American Indians).	157 28 173 37 50 41 140 86

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean n o t h i n g. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 13 of this issue.

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Saturday Review

OF RECORDINGS

for APRIL, 1948

IMPRESSIONS

ENOUGH evidence is now at hand for some conclusions to be drawn on the subject of Toscanini operas (those broadcast in the last two years from which home-records, admittedly imperfect, could be made). The extremes of opinion are strong, of course, as the following reader comments will indicate.

"You would certainly be doing the the cause of opera in this country a tremendous service in getting the artistically impeccable Toscanini performances . . . released for the public."

ILLINOIS.

"I would be glad to have those discs even if they used the acoustical methods of twenty years ago."

OHIO.

"This is a magnificent idea! . . . I sincerely hope that this plan can be put in effect."

CALIFORNIA.

The trend of these pro opinions is heavier, numerically, than the cons, but there is no lack of vigor in the statement of those who are opposed. That is:

"I thoroughly disagree with your plan to get the release of the transcriptions of Toscanini's "Bohème," etc. Although I am extremely anxious to get recordings of these, I most certainly do not want imperfect ones, nor am I prepared to pay a higher price."

LOUISIANA.

"I am strongly opposed to giving the recording companies any encouragement in their present policy of palming off wretched, inferior recordings when they might, with a little more expenditure of a little more care and money, give us something we would treasure all our lives."

ARKANSAS.

"All Toscanini records since Philharmonic days have been inferior, so why issue more?"

MARYLAND.

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All prices quoted include Federal tax

(Complete contents copyright 1948, Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y.)

The figures of the tabulation are as follows:

Seventy-two percent vote yes without qualification.

Eight per cent vote no without qualification.

Eighteen per cent vote for records with imperfections, but not at higher price.

Two per cent vote for records at higher price, but not with imperfections.

The results as they stand at present have been turned over to RCA Victor for detailed study, and whatever further use of the information contained which they may care to make of it.

It was a rather illuminating sidelight on the survey that many of the letters indicated that enthusiasm for the project rather strongly related to the writers' feelings about Toscanini himself. Those who admire his work will take it under almost any condition of hardship; those who are more objective about it won't consider it unless the production itself is first-class.

IRVING KOLODIN,
EDITOR,
SRL RECORDINGS.

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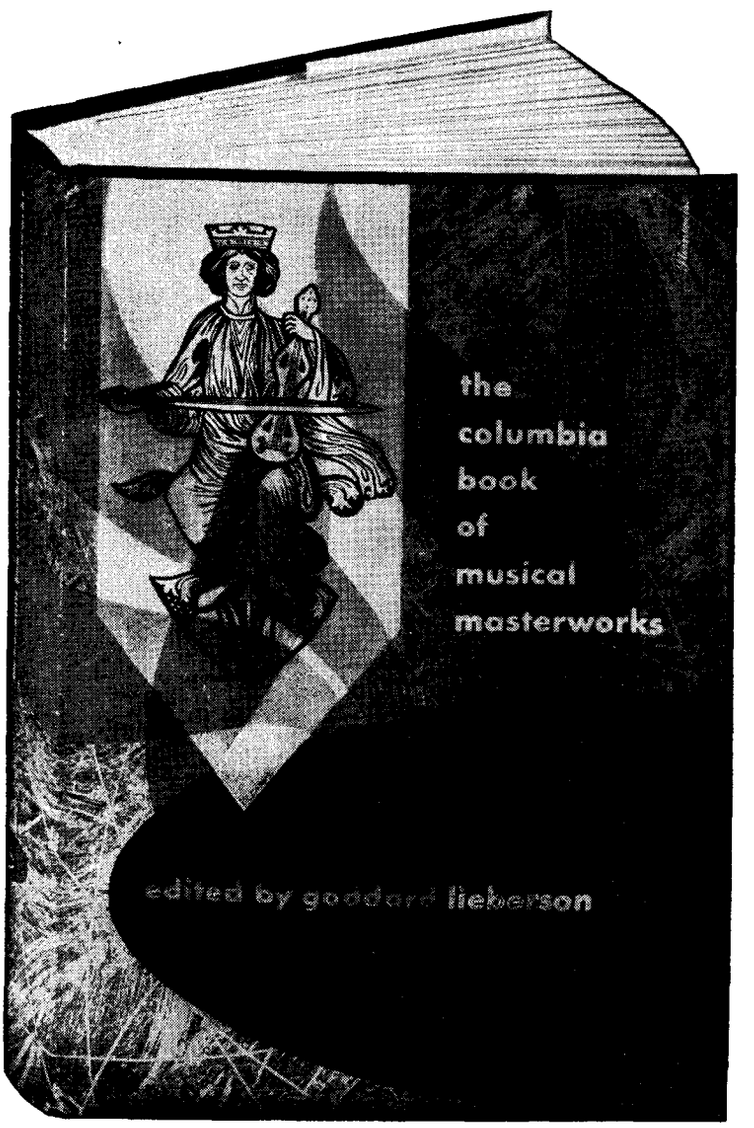

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The Saturday Review of Recordings

Inside US(RC)A

IRVING KOLODIN

IT WAS no less an authority than Irving Berlin who stated, categorically, "There's no business like show business." The only more fundamental statement one can imagine is: "There's no business like NO business." Combine the two and you have the reason why Arthur Schwartz's and Howard Dietz's "Inside U.S.A." is something epochal in the history of recorded show music. What else is fit terminology for a multi-thousand-dollar enterprise put on discs by RCA-Victor, processed, and distributed before the show had looked the first review in the eye?

Since it is the immemorial custom —not to say privilege—of songsmiths and lyrists to tinker and tamper with their property in its pre-Broadway phases, it was something of a challenge to Schwartz and Dietz to produce, at long range, enough recordable material which they would stick by to the end—or, at least, through the New York opening. Overshadowing the enterprise, starting with Schwartz's conviction that John Gunther's "Inside USA" was not only a "divine" title for a revue but also a brilliant synthesis of what it should contain, was planning in terms of P-Day, Jan. 1, 1948, when Petrillo's ban on recording took effect.

P-Day minus thirty was approximately Dec. 1, when an agreement existed between RCA-Victor and producer-composer Schwartz to make an album representing the best of "Inside U.S.A." Eli Oberstein, head of RCA-Victor's department of popular music was instigator of this—on the theory, as he says, that you aren't gambling when you contract for a score by the composer of "Dancing in the Dark," or "Louisiana Hayride." (Besides, he had heard some of the songs, and liked them.) Anticipating competition from companies not mentionable by names but identifiable by such initials as C and D, Oberstein went after the property himself, forcing a not-too-reluctant Schwartz to sign, at loaded penpoint.

It was some time later that Beatrice Lillie became an effective among the combatants of "Inside U.S.A." It was a good deal later that Jack Haley joined the roster, as male lead. P-Day itself was ominously close, with nobody working except the clock, before Miss Lillie arrived from England, bringing with her no knowledge of the music and a good case of laryngitis. On the wintry day that Haley signed his contract, composer Schwartz sent him a self-performed recording of his principal numbers, which the comedian was to study for tempos, accents, and the rest. While Miss Lillie frowned upon her laryngitis in New York and attempted to dramatize numbers she had never done on the stage, Haley was working himself into a funny frenzy 'cross the continent in Hollywood.

More than the calendar was treated in reverse in this operation. Usually a recording of show music is an inflexible thing, taking whatever virtue it possesses from the "set" number on stage. But what theatre patrons on "Inside U.S.A." will hear—at least in part—is a lot of effects and tempo changes, phrasings and instrumental effects evolved under the baton of Russ Case, who supervised the recording, and Oberstein, responsible for commercializing it.

—*Eileen Darby.*

Beatrice Lillie and Jack Haley . . . "working into a funny frenzy."

Against all logic and common sense —also sordid commercial practice— RCA paid for the arrangements used in the recording, thus incurring an expense not usual in such operations. Lacking a rehearsed chorus and orchestra practised from playing the show in the pit, this bill was also on the house of RCA, resulting in an expenditure, for means and talent, of close to $20,000—and the Century Theatre four months away!

Before one sheds a tear for Commercializer Oberstein, however, one should know that his confidential opinion of stage choruses and pit orchestras is identical with Boris Kholenkhov's opinion of the post-Dhiaghileff Russian Ballet in "You Can't Take It with You." Consequently, he feels that some useful standards were established in the recording (by an expert pick-up orchestra and a chorus borrowed from radio) which will take some matching from the musicians who play the show.

It is conceivable, too, that John Tyer, who sings the ballads in the show, may be hearing, between now and then, the recordings of "Haunted House" and "My Gal Is Mine Again" already on the market from the voices of Perry Como, in the RCA album, or George Paxton on MGM, or Buddy Clark, on Columbia. Whether he will be influenced by them or not is questionable, but he would have to be a man of strong character to resist the temptation. Como, incidentally, in the RCA album was something akin to a musical business double, known to show business as an Oberstein hedge: "I can always sell Como," said Oberstein—leaving unsaid any remarks as to the future of the show.

However, RCA has even something more singular in its favor, since "Inside U.S.A." is a revue in the old tradition, with plenty of special material for Lillie and Haley. Here was a dilemma indeed, for an "original cast"

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album would not have much sales value if it didn't include the show stoppers that everybody talked about (named in this instance "Come, Oh, Come to Pittsburgh" and "At the Mardi Gras"). There were alternatives: to leave them out, preserving their value in the theatre, or put them in the recording and run the risk of having the audience laughing at punch lines before they're delivered.

Being both practical and imaginative men, Schwartz and Dietz took the prudent gamble of allowing the records to be made—laryngitized Lillie, and all—flouting such dangers as befell Rodgers and Hart when they permitted the clever lyrics of "I'd Rather Be Right" to be published in a New York paper during its Boston run. But they have not been able to resist the temptation to improve upon their original thoughts as the show is being rehearsed. Consequently, there will be a good "Come to Pittsburgh" disc in the RCA album, but you'll still have to go to the theatre to hear it in its final, Lillie-fied glory. Also, Haley's "Rhode Island Is Famous for You."

Mention of "Pittsburgh," "Mardi Gras," and "Rhode Island" should suggest that the revue attempts something of Gunther's inclusiveness, filtered through a scrim front-drop. Mention, too, of "Atlanta" will confirm this. It was the number about the Federal penitentiary in that Southern citadel which originally aroused Miss Lillie's interest in doing the show, you know.

Having been apprehended robbing a jewelry store, the lady inquires tearfully, where she will be sent. "San Quentin?" "No." "Leavenworth?" "No." "What then?" "Atlanta." "Atlanta?" she bursts forth . . .

Rob that jewelry store
Now I'm headin' for
Atlanta!"*

By a natural process of Dietzification, it dissolves into a parody of all songs of the South since Jolson's mammy was a curly-haired baby. Here Lillie does perhaps the best bit of singing she has put on records, in a scorching parody of all torch singers.

Then too, there is "Inside U.S.A.":

Inside U.S.A. it isn't all clover
There are hurdles we have to get over
Inside U.S.A. there's many a crackpot
Would-be men on horseback after the jackpot.*

Here Schwartz and Dietz seem to have accomplished something on the order of "Oklahoma" and "Of Thee I Sing"—a title song which doesn't need identification as "from the show of the same name" to be recognizable.

With every clear intention of preserving the value of the records made at such a distance and under such conditions of hardship, Schwartz and Dietz have nevertheless been unable to check their compulsion as rehearsals showed the skeleton to require more flesh at one point or another. Thus the seat-holders will hear one number called "We Won't Take It Back" and another "Leave My Pulse Alone," which will be unavailable until the studios resume operations.

*By permission of the copyright owners, Chappel and Co. New York. 1948.

—Eileen Darby.

Howard Dietz, Jack Haley, Beatrice Lillie, and Arthur Schwartz . . . "took the prudent gamble."

Which, of any of the numbers already mentioned—plus "Blue Grass," a chant of Churchill Downs, or "Protect Me," which deals with the insurance center of Hartford—will be the hit song of the show is something no one, least of all the authors, care to predict. Schwartz's favorite experience along those lines, he recalled recently, came when he was in England, and a friend sent him material from a new show which had just opened in the States. Playing one over, as he remarks, he thought it pretty dull: "Just one little scale after the other." Its title was "And Then My Heart Stood Still." Having so clear an objective incapacity about other people's music, he would hardly be better where subjective enthusiasms intruded.

Then, too, there is the fact that a performer often makes a song, and little performance has been accomplished while these lines are being written, let alone when the records were made. It could be, too, that a song will still be made for a performer, as "Jenny" was made by Kurt Weil and Ira Gershwin for Gertrude Lawrence while "Lady in the Dark" was approaching Boston, or "Surrey with the Fringe on Top" after "Oklahoma!" had already opened there.

Thus there is every probability that "Inside U.S.A." will require a second or perhaps a third album to add to the album of selections already recorded by Victor to do it justice. "Blue Grass" and "Protect Me," for example, both appear in the Columbia album in which Pearl Bailey and Buddy Clark are the performers, but not in RCA's, and there is also a lengthy dance sequence which the authors hesitate to call a ballet—not only for the reasonable prejudice which exists against such material in the theatre—but also because it is something more than a ballet. Speech is interpolated in it, and also dramatic action, to describe the career of a young lady called Tiger Lily (Valerie Bettis) who becomes a front-page phenomenon by murdering her lover.

For the statisticians in the audience, it may be remarked that close to a quarter of a million dollars has already been invested in a show which has yet to see the light of Walnut Street, let alone Broadway. Budgeted at $200,000, it has already attracted $20,000 of RCA's money, lesser, but substantial, sums of Columbia's, Decca's, and Capitol's, plus scatterings among the others. And, till the show opens, the authors can still fondly hope, along with Rabbi Ben Ezra, the "best is yet to be." The question, all round, would seem to be: Will RCA love Dietz and Schwartz in May as they did in December? This opinion is that they will.

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Prelude and *Good Friday Spell* from "Parsifal"—Wagner. Boston Symphony Orchestra. RCA Victor *Red Seal* Album DM-1198, $4.75.

MELTON

Ave Maria and *Serenade*—Schubert. RCA Victor Orchestra, Frank Black, Cond. Record 12-0153, $1.25.

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The Psychopathology of Everyday Conducting

GODDARD LIEBERSON

I AM frequently asked by non-professional music lovers, "Just what is it that conductors do?" and I have only been able to answer, "They live to a ripe old age." This is not just a petulant observation, said in bitterness, but rather an expression of my envy for an occupation which offers so many physical-culture advantages. For example, if you are a conductor, the chances are you will enjoy long periods of vacation; your most fervent conducting is apt to add muscles to your torso without overburdening your heart. The nature of your job, with its periods of intense motor activity followed by an alcohol rub-down, is undoubtedly salutary. It is no mere coincidence that conductors live to a ripe old age, and this will perhaps help you understand why a middle-aged conductor must watch with interest and suspicion the activities of Feruccio Burco (the eight-year-old conductor)—they will be competitors for many, many years, should young Feruccio decide to stay in the business!

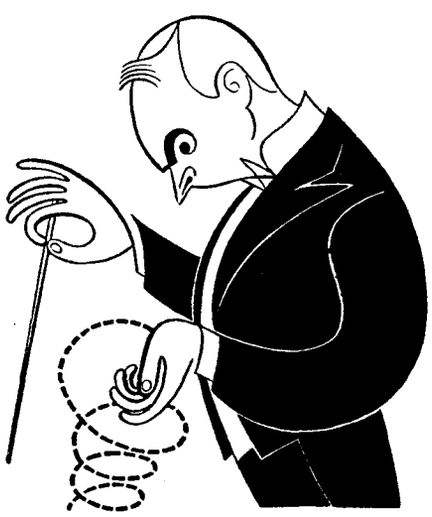
Of course, it is not necessary to start conducting at the age of eight, in fact it is entirely unnecessary and rather nonsensical. Of course, an eight-year-old boy can *act* like a conductor, but he obviously cannot *be* one, since the basic values of conducting have to do with experience and maturity of judgment, not with beating time. But even experience, along with knowledge of scores, baton technique, and a general love of music, does not, by any means, make a conductor. His success will depend upon what I will for the moment call "electricity." I choose this term in memory of an old joke about a conductor, convicted of murder, who cannot be electrocuted because, as it turns out, he is a "non-conductor" and therefore not susceptible to electricity. If you can brush aside the horror of the pun, you will find that the story has a meaning beyond the intention of the joke, if it really is a joke. There *is* something of electricity in conducting; particularly when we look at this definition: ". . . a material agency which when in motion exhibits magnetic, chemical, and thermal effects." Moreover, some recent events in Chicago would seem to bring conductors within the definition of "static" electricity: ". . . when at rest it is accompanied by an interplay of forces between associated localities in which it is present. . ."!

As in all the performing arts, the greatness of an artist is measured by the quality he projects beyond the technique of his instrument. But of all the arts, conducting has the least burdensome technique. Even a bad pianist must exhibit some digital skill: the worst violinist must master that peculiar and intricate relationship between hands, strings, chin, arm, bow, and brain: the most simple-minded xylophone player must manage to hit a series of wooden blocks with energy and reasonable accuracy. But what about conducting? Without wishing to disparage the art, I would like to point out that a bad conductor can get by with less knowledge and less skill than can a bad pianist or a bad violinist. I wish, merely, to make clear that a conductor is more dependent—more immediately dependent—upon his psychic qualities than other musical artists. It is the psyche, not the body, of a conductor that bears the chief strain of his work, and, it is here that we find the real hazard; for as some of us have learned to our sorrow, the psyche is all too vulnerable to bruising, disease, malnutrition, and even deterioration.

First of all, I would say that the basic cause of the conducting neuroses is the sense of inferiority. I am sure that this will strike many people as a strange opinion, used, as they are, to the general conception of the conductor as the ego rampant. But there is nothing which stampedes an ego into rampantcy so quickly as a sense of inferiority—and there is plenty to give a conductor a sense of insecurity with consequential feelings of inferiority even if he does not have them to begin with. The field is small and highly competitive; a conductor does not exist without an orchestra, and there are many more conductors than orchestras. Then, once he has a job, he is by no means in a secure position; every guest conductor must be looked upon not only in the light of competition but as a house-wrecker, a thief, and a conniver. Furthermore, standards of good and bad are completely arbitrary, and a conductor may be liked or disliked, famous or infamous, for reasons which are entirely extra-musical. A "great" conductor is apt to be one whose psychic projections satisfy the psychic needs of his audience. Try to measure that!

EVERYTHING in a conductor's work is contrived to put him on his mettle. Unlike other artists, he faces two audiences. As if it weren't enough to step forward on the stage and bow to a sea of semi-friendly faces expressing the semi-delight of people who hate tonight's program but have tickets anyway, he has shortly to turn around to another group of faces of orchestra men who also hate tonight's program. Then, you might say, he has but to rap the desk and give a down beat, and he can rest for the next two hours since everybody else is doing the playing. But that's just the point I want to make: it is precisely because of his non-participation *that* the conductor's psyche is pinched and pummeled. He must worry about each instrument of the orchestra, he must participate in

If you secretly yearn to conduct: get precision and detail with the gestures of a French chef à la Rodzinski.



Shake dice in the approved Koussevitzky way in urging the musical attack.

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every solo, every note, without being able to do anything about it if something goes wrong.

There are other factors which add emotional strain. From the beginning a conductor must prove himself to a variegated group of people: managers, boards of directors, orchestra musicians, and the public at large. To each, he must present a different aspect. Orchestra players are sometimes openly hostile and suspicious at rehearsals; boards of directors take special handling and special language as do managers, and with these two groups the conductor must be a more or less practical business man, while, in contrast, he must appear to the public as a romantic figure absorbed in music to the exclusion of everything else. The conductor's private life must be discreet or sensational; anything in between is dull and an offense to bourgeois moral standards which will allow complete dignity or complete eccentricity. To his public, he is a symbol of authority and artistry; while to his colleagues he is a middleman who controls wages, job-holding, eventual pension. In that sense, he is the executive authority separating the performer and the management—or, more simply, a boss. So, you can see why a conductor has more right to schizophrenia than almost anybody.

IN dealing with the psyche, I don't very well see how we can leave out the question of sexual drive, though I had something like that in mind when speaking of "electricity." I believe a large part of that "electricity" is sexual sublimation, and those conductors who provide us with only a dull shock may well look to that part of their psyche for explanation. Likewise, those conductors who provide us with too much shock should perhaps be leading a brighter home life. Here, as in the music itself, we need balance; something between the frantic and the static. I hope that no one will be offended if I point out that age, or more precisely, the "ripe old age" I spoke of, in no way invalidates this present discussion. Imagination can perform Herculean tasks and nature is persistent. Nor should anyone be offended at the idea of Beethoven being contaminated by the mention of sex—it would perhaps be enough to suggest that even the impulse to get up and dance is susceptible to sexual interpretation. And to those people who are offended, I can only say that they are lucky that this article has avoided such elaborate psychological defiles as "The Conductor as a Father Symbol," "The Upbeat and its Relation to Taboo," "Psychodynamics of the First Violin Section," "Marquis de Sade, the First Conductor?," "The Superego of the Conductor and Applause," "Catatonic Excitement and Tchaikovsky's Symphony Pathétique." They would all be possible, for conducting is a complicated activity.

It is my opinion that a good conductor shows us through music, his inner self; not, as so many conductors fondly hope, the inner self of the music. This being the case, the conductor stands before us emotionally and intellectually naked — no dress suit, no matter how well tailored can cover this nakedness, no amount of baton technique can cover it. When the conductor walks out on the podium he exists in a dimension that only you and I in the audience can measure. It is a difficult assignment.

Goddard Lieberson, composer and author, is also vice president of the Columbia Record Co., in charge of classical repertory. His observations are thus based on what might be called intimate acquaintance with the subject under discussion.

REGARDING IMPORTS

THE COLLECTOR who has tried to keep up with the many new and re-pressed products of the domestic and foreign plants during the past few months has had a hard row to hoe. He is now in a state of inundation after a period of relative drought. Columbia seems to be a bit ahead with almost all of its album series listed in its 1948 catalogue available to the purchaser, although the single situation is very poor unless you are a fancier of Oscar Levant, Nelson Eddy, etc.

Victor has announced that it intends to have most of its back albums in press by July, and the treasures listed within the Victor catalogue are numerous. Decca, of course, displays little interest in the classics, although it occasionally comes out with an album or two.

It is not unlikely that, should Victor and Columbia put foreign products in albums, their sale would increase considerably. As it is, most stores handle blank albums. Two shops I have visited: Gateway to Music in Los Angeles and the Record Shop of Dallas, Tex., handle the problem intelligently. The former uses printed gummed labels; the latter has hand-lettered albums with several made up for each set of records.

—E. L. DE GOLYER, JR.

Make huge wheels with the baton and show a fist—as Toscanini does in powerful passages.

Use a claw to wrench heartrending sentiments from your men — like Ormandy.

Send your hands through the graceful patterns suggested by the music—Stokowski's method.

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Reviews of the Month

The voices of spring are mostly massed ones, so far as current records are concerned. A new version of Handel's "Messiah," the second in a year, is a monumental prominence, with a "concise" "Orfed," and a selection of excerpts from Bach's "Matthew Passion" ranged beside it. Ferruccio Tagliavini makes his first appearance on American-made discs, as does the G minor trio of Smetana; and, lest the month be deemed unblessed, three new recordings of Khatchaturian, two of them named "Masquerade."

Austerity "Messiah"

HANDEL: *"Messiah." Sir Thomas Beecham conducting the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, the Luton Choral Society, and Elsie Suddaby, soprano; Marjorie Thomas, contralto; Heddle Nash, tenor, and Trevor Antony, bass.* (Victor albums Nos. 1194, 1195, $28.25.)

Those who counseled patience when this project was known to be under way and the Columbia recording directed by Sir Malcolm Sargent was already at hand, can claim only a moral victory. The factor of most expectation, the conducting of Sir Thomas himself, conforms to his customary standard, but the quartet of soloists is about as uneven as Sargent's. Just as Gladys Ripley was the best of that group, so Marjorie Thomas, the alto here, excels her colleagues considerably. Elsie Suddaby is a thin-voiced soprano; Heddle Nash, reliable but not good to hear; Trevor Antony a thick and not very eloquent basso.

As for the much discussed choral complements, varying in size according to Beecham's idea of what is most suitable for a particular section, the effect is decidedly strange. Unquestionably it lends life and variety to such music as "His Yoke Is Easy" but the swelling out to several times that number of voices for the "Hallelujah" chorus is almost grotesquely disproportionate to what has gone before. The effect is somewhat similar to the one some movie theatres had for a while in which, for certain newsreels, the screen covered an area almost half again as large. The net result was to make everything seem more artificial than it does ordinarily.

Marjorie Thomas—"firm . . . vocalization."

What this music can sound like when it has first-class resources all around is indicated by Miss Thomas's "He Was Despised," a firm piece of vocalization. Here the quality background which Beecham provides throughout has a display of proper value before it, resulting in a completely homogeneous picture. Otherwise, it is principally in the choral sections that one can hear the integrated style that the conductor is striving to achieve, without the uncertainties and impediments that hamper the efforts of Miss Suddaby and Messrs. Nash and Antony.

As a recording, this is clean, clear, and mellow, in the style of English studio-work, ante ffrr. It is not as brilliant as the Sargent, but it has a greater mass of sound in such things as "Worthy Is the Lamb" and the "Amen" chorus. As for the inclusion of the sections usually deleted, it is well to have them—but I didn't observe any whose absence would materially weaken the work as a whole.

Evaluating all the foregoing, I would say that my personal preference would be for this Beecham performance, but I would hardly blame anyone who found the Sargent preferable. England's austerity conditions are not to be disregarded in evaluating the results that are heard here; but it is also true that the results are not quite what one expected.

"Concise" Gluck, Abridged Bach

GLUCK: *"Orfeo ed Eurydice." Fritz Stiedry conducting the Southern Philharmonic Orchestra with Kathleen Ferrier, Anne Ayres, and Zoe Vlachopolous.* (English Decca album EDA 39, $15.75.)

Trevor Antony—"not very eloquent basso."

BACH: *"St. Matthew's Passion" (excerpts). Kathleen Ferrier, Elsie Suddaby, Eric Greene, William Parsons, and Bruce Boyce, with chorus and orchestra conducted by Dr. Reginald Jacques.* (English Decca album EDA album 43, $15.75.)

Discrepant as these works are, they may be grouped together since they have similar faults and largely similar virtues, both of performance and recording. In the first respect, there is the editorial hand of whoever was responsible for the amount of music offered of each score. The "Orfeo" is more comprehensible, for it is a fair approximation of the music given when the work is heard in the opera house, though a good deal short of Gluck's total; the album of "St. Matthew" excerpts is quite incomprehensible, both separately and in totality.

In a preliminary report last month, admiration was expressed for the general quality of Miss Ferrier's singing, and the vocal work of her associates. That praise may be repeated, with a qualification for Miss Ferrier's Italian enunciation, which is clear but flat in timbre. Stiedry's uncertain tempos are a more pronounced handicap, especially when accelerations set in suddenly and without justification. Moreover, there are a number of bad spots in the balance of voices, and the orchestra with them which suggests that the whole thing was done hastily, and without the care for detail which so special a work must have. For those who are curious, the omissions from the Novello score include Nos. 3, 4, 5, 7, 8, 11, 29, 35, 36, 37, 46, 48, 49,

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also the overture. Those who remember the Columbia issue of the late Thirties (C-Set Op. 15) will prefer its style, and the recording is by no means to be despised.

Miss Ferrier's "Erbarme Dich" (sung in English) is about the best thing in this collection of fourteen sides from the "Matthew Passion," but that is hardly justification for skipping about from Nos. 12 to 19 to 26, through a few in the forties and fifties to the ending choruses. There is some opinion that the album was produced to provide competition for the German-made set which HMV recently produced, but competition would hardly seem to be present in this motley. For the rest, Suddaby is a soprano of quavery voice and Greene a tenor of dry one which he uses with amazing skill in the high, intricate passages on side 6. There is the typical clarity of ffrr in this Bach reproduction, but not much of distinction in the conducting.

Tampered Tagliavini

VERDI: *"Parmi Veder" ("Rigoletto") and other arias from operas by Donizetti, Meyerbeer, and Cilea. Ferruccio Tagliavini, tenor, with orchestra conducted by Antal Dorati.* (Victor album 1191, $3.50.)

In effecting a transition from small fame, small fees, and smallish voice in Italy, Ferruccio Tagliavini has found, in America, great fame and larger fees. But it is only in these records made in Hollywood's Republic sound stage that he has the large voice which is, apparently, his heart's desire. If he insists on trying—as he has on occasions this winter—to sound the same way in the opera house as he does on these records, he will soon have no voice at all.

Victor will doubtless object to the allegation that Tagliavini's voice is over-amplified, but there is no other convenient word for describing the process by which a small voice is made to sound like a big one, as in his "O Paradiso." Compare it with the blare of tone Caruso produces on acoustic (No. 14234), and you will find a convincing illustration of the difference between the real thing and a mechanical imitation. As for the other airs—"Una Furtiva Lagrima," (from "L'Elisir d'Amore"), the lament of Federico from "L'Arlesiana," and "Parmi Veder" ("Rigoletto")—his original Cetra records are in every instance superior in vocal skill and artistic purpose. What Victor has done is to provide Tagliavini with remarkable recording which, unfortunately, not only magnifies the mere size of his voice, but also all the exaggerations of style he is currently affecting.

For a final dissonance: Dorati is no man for this kind of conducting, lacking flexibility and a knowledge of the salient points in the music.

SMETANA: *"Trio in G minor" (opus 15). Rudolf Firkusny, piano, Louis Kaufman, violin, Willem van den Burg, cello.* (Vox album 628, $4.75.)

Despite the considerable quality of this music, it has not previously been offered in a recording, so far as available records indicate. Those qualities, incidentally, are somewhat uncommon for Smetana—something more classic and conventional than one associates with the composer of "Bartered Bride," the "Moldau," the "E minor quartet," etc. I should have thought it something odd by Schumann had it been offered to me "in the clear."

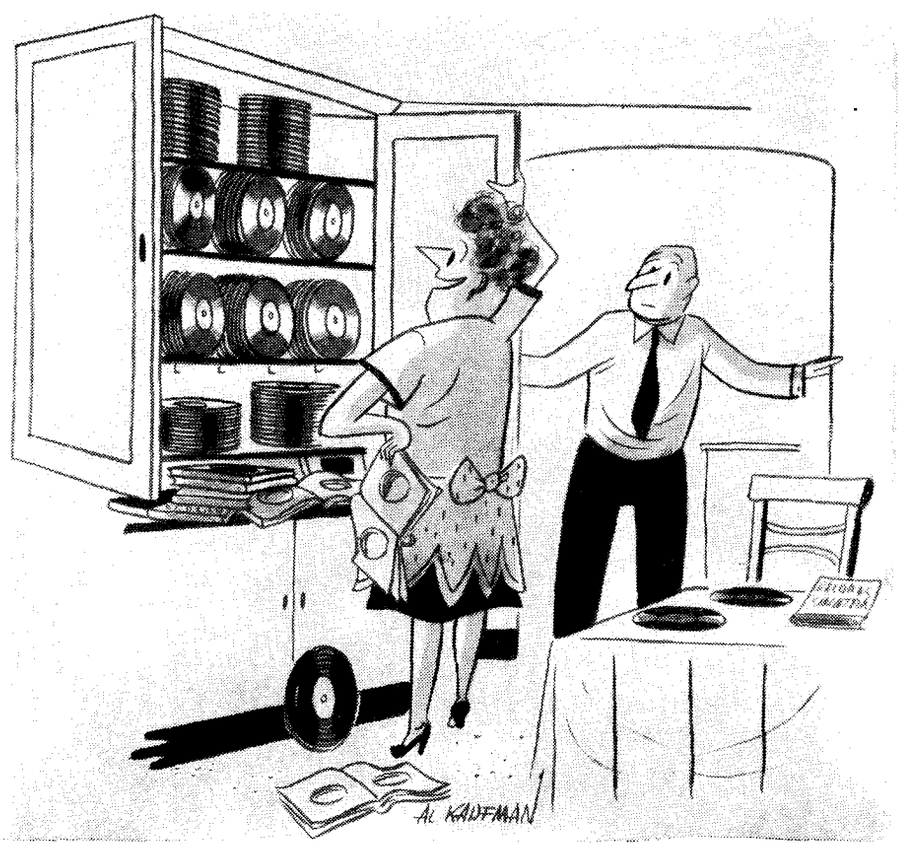
I feel strongly enough about the music to dwell on it here though the recording doesn't do it justice. There is heavy partiality to the piano in Smetana's writing, which Firkusny does not at all mind, but the recording emphasizes it to an extent which often leaves the violin and cello inaudible. That is something of a feat, for Kaufman draws a robust sound from his instrument, and Van den Burg is not feeble, either. Between them, however, they can only be heard as a background scrape at more than a few points. In addition, I find Vox's surfaces a little more, in swish and scratch, than reasonable or necessary.

BRAHMS: *"Quintet in B minor" (opus 115). The Stuyvesant String Quartet, with Alfred Gallodoro, clarinet.* (International Records album 303, $5.25.)

In undertaking this work for records, the Stuyvesants and Gallodoro are challenging not alone the existing standard represented by the Busch Quartet and Reginald Kell, but the memory of a previous fine performance by Charles Draper. Oddly, the present treatment is more in the manner of the Draper, with its precision and clarity, than the freer, more rhapsodic Kell. However, it is only as a technical reproduction of the music that these records are comparable to what has preceded them in the catalogue.

My principal objection is to the spirit of the performance, which is rather tame and of a prosaic turn of mind. Gallodoro is a thoroughly able clarinetist, and the Stuyvesant members are altogether qualified string players, but there is not much that is artistic in their combined efforts. It is good, competent playing, but the kind of finesse and expressiveness one looks for in a recording is rarely heard. More's the pity, since the recording has been done with care, and the reproduced sound is excellent.

IRVING KOLODIN.



"There—I'm ready for Mr. Petrillo."

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Recordings Reports on Current Classical Releases

See Page 57 for Pop Releases

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Bach: "Toccata and Fugue in D minor," other works. Carl Weinrich, organ. Musicraft album 36, $5.10	One of the choice items of Musicraft's prewar catalogue, this set is a welcome restoration, especially as it is but the first in a series that will also include all the other Weinrich sets for Musicraft. It will be followed by the "Coffee Cantata," a Kirkpatrick album and various other material held in high esteem by record fanciers. This album includes, beyond the sterling performance by Weinrich of the D minor "Toccata and Fugue," the "Toccata" in F, the "Fugue" in F, and the "Toccata" with two fugues in E. All are played on the highly suitable "Praetorius" organ of the Westminister Choir College at Princeton. A check of the recording discloses that it is no longer as full-sounding as it once seemed, but there are good clarity in it and fine balance. The surfaces are only fair.
Brahms: "Fantasien," opus 116. Leonard Shure, piano. Vox album 178, $4.99	This is the proper designation for the series of pieces more familiar to record buyers—as well as concert goers—under the alternate titles of "Capriccios" and "Intermezzi." Shure plays them with musical phraseology and good pianistic resource, especially the slower ones. He is inclined to brutalize, a bit, those which are merely vigorous. There is clangor and ring in the piano tone, but not much depth. The deficiency sounds to be in equal parts attributable to the artist and the way his tone is reproduced. The surfaces are inferior.
Gounod: "Roi de Thulé" and "Jewel Song" ("Faust"). Eleanor Steber, soprano, with orchestra conducted by Jean Paul Morel. Victor No. 11-9838, $1.25	Some remarkable vocal art by Miss Steber, whose recent records have been increasing evidence of her progress as a singer. Her voice is still more attractive in mezzo voce rather than full-voiced passages, and the top is less developed than the range up to D. However, it is always intelligently used. Morel's accompaniments are a continuation of the excellent work he has been doing for Victor, and the recording is strong and well-balanced.
Handel: "Larghetto." Edmund Kurtz, cello, and Artur Balsam, piano. Victor 11-9953, $1.25	A piece in B minor, arranged by Jeno Hubay, but otherwise not identified. Kurtz owns one of the great celli now being played publicly, and he draws a remarkable tone from it. The playing, however, is not notable otherwise for sense or taste. A "Requiebros" by Cassado is strongly played on the other side. Both are recorded in a manner to make one wish the performer were Casals.
Khatchaturian: "Masquerade" suite. Boston "Pops" Orchestra directed by Arthur Fiedler. Victor album 1161, $3.50 Leopold Stokowski conducting the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra. Columbia album 729, $4.75	Phonophiles are more apt to be interested in the appearance of Stokowski as a conductor of the Philharmonic—an exceptional partnership for discs—than what he directs. However, it is the general belief that this was a courtesy extended by Victor to Stokowski on behalf of some contract that needed working-out rather than any shape of things to come. His version of the suite runs longer (five sides against four because he includes a "Galop," which Fiedler omits,) and adds "In the Village," from Ippolitov-Ivanov's "Caucasian Sketches" on the odd side. This is unquestionably the best music on all ten sides involved, and the only valid reason I can suggest for buying either set. It is also something exceptional in the way of recording, with Columbia's technicians obviously profiting from the combination of Stokowski, Carnegie Hall, and the Philharmonic. Since the same also obtain in the "Masquerade" he directs, endorsement of it cannot be withheld—though the price is excessive for what is offered, musically. Fiedler's more economical effort is thoroughly good for those who want just the tawdry tunes of Khatchatawdrian. The recording is not so sonorous as Columbia's, a bit more brilliant.
Khatchaturian: "Masquerade," waltz. Arthur Fiedler directing the Boston "Pops" Orchestra. "Gayne," "Sabre Dance." Artur Rodzinski conducting the Chicago Symphony Orchestra. Victor No. 12-0209, $1.25	A double dose of musical morphine from Russia's current wonder-boy—all one needs of him, indeed, to keep up with dinner-table conversation. The performances are better than the music (see above) merits. Those who collect curiosa might look favorably upon the Rodzinski-Chicago side, the first so identified to appear. Without the identification, it might be any orchestra and conductor.
Marks, George: "Mr. Lincoln and his Gloves." George London, bass, with Josef Blatt, Piano. Victor No. 12-0238, $1.25	There is interest in Carl Sandburg's text, and some curiosity in Marks's music but the two have insufficient points of coincidence for artistic results. London has a robust voice, not completely developed, which he has more opportunity to use in a conventional way in Kleinsinger's setting of Beatrice Goldsmith's "Absalom My Son" on the other side. A "serious" effort by the composer of "Tubby the Tuba," but not very good music.
Mascagni: "Duetto delle Ciliegie" ("L'Amico Fritz"). Ferruccio Tagliavini, tenor, and Pia Tassinari, soprano, with the composer conducting the EIAR Symphony Orch. Cetra album 105, $4.72	Unless one were attending the Metropolitan when this work was last given in 1923, the chances to hear it this century have been wholly phonographic. Tagliavini's appealing lyric voice, here used at its proper valuation rather than in the distended manner favored by Victor (see page 49), is blended with the fine art of his wife Tassinari. Together they give the composer a full measure of the poignant expressiveness he wrote into this "Cherry Duet." The fourth side is devoted to the third act intermezzo, for orchestra, also directed by Mascagni. *Good quality recording, but better quality performance.*
Saint-Saens: "Concerto in B minor" (No. 3) Louis Kaufman, violin, with the Santa Monica Symphony directed by Jacques Rachmilovich. Disc album 805, $4.75	Sterling fiddle playing by Louis Kaufman, and something less than golden tone in the recording of the orchestra under the direction of Rachmilovich. For this, the cause would seem to be an affectation for "high fidelity" on the part of the recorders, without a realization that "low" fidelity is also desirable. In other words, the upper ranges of the scale are much more generously reproduced than the lower, with consequent distortion. As pure instrumentalism, *Kaufman's is remarkable, and it is musically valid, too.* Or, as the liner quotes the critic of the *New York Sun*: Kaufman's playing of the Saint-Saens concerto was "a glittering exhibition of virtuosity—stylish, animated, invariably exact." IRVING KOLODIN.

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HITS AND MISSES

THE phenomenon known as Hildegarde is with us this month, a "Souvenir Album" of some of her best known songs—"My Bel Ami," "I Was Lucky," "One Look at You," "I'll Be Seeing You," "I'm Going to See You Today," "Ask Your Heart" (Decca A-541, $3.15). Not to have a position on this sensational *chanteuse* is as unthinkable for a commentator on popular music as for a televisionary to be unaware of wrestling. The few times this page has seen her in night clubs we have been so bemused by the vast energy of her showmanship, the seething way she goes at a crowd, that we have forgotten momentarily that there is nothing very special about her singing or piano playing—nothing special, indeed, about anything except the synthetic magnetism she achieves through the shrewd, hard-working assembly of a lot of ordinary properties. To this department the whole Hildegardian paraphernalia—the high-piled hair, low decolletage, long black gloves, crepuscular lighting effects, and wow finishes—all these suggest nothing so much as cogs and pistons of a sort of theatrical engine. But when she engages in her specialty of personally ribbing members of the audience, they seem to love it; it is tempting to suppose that for many vacationists from Big Business she seems the very essence of a worldly, risqué dish. And, as I say, it is wonderful in its way to watch the girl go to work for applause. But you can't watch her on a phonograph record.

Hildegarde's handling of salon music reminds me of Hazel Scott's treatment of hot jazz. Among jazz purists of the strict New Orleans persuasion it is the custom to castigate all hot music not strongly suggestive of Louisiana street parades, barrel houses, or bordellos. Afro-American music of the more cosmopolitan school is regarded as purplish and effete. And indeed it may be—as in the case of Hazel Scott. Witness a new album "Great Scott!" (Columbia C159, $3.75) by this native of Trinidad, famous not only for her midnight pianistics, but also for the face and torso with which she confronts her keyboard. Some of the numbers are choice—"Soon," "Love Me or Leave Me," "Dancing on the Ceiling," and "Love Will Find a Way"—but her presentation of them is flashy and over-ornamental. Compare Miss Scott's playing, for example, with that of Eddie Heywood in his version of the dashing

Nothing special about Hildegarde—"except synthetic magnetism [achieved] through shrewd assembly of ordinary properties."

popular classic "The Continental" (Victor 20-2664-A, 75¢). Here is pianism of remarkable purity of invention and rhythmic élan—virtues also to be found in "Heywood's Boogie" on the reverse. Music of this polished, ultra debonair sort reminds one of other Afro-American masters, such as the dancer Bill Robinson and the drummer Sidney Catlett. And Heywood's superb, unnamed drummer—sympathy with the fly-swatters—deserves an assist.

For years one of this department's great ambitions was to hear John McCormack sing "Kathleen Mavourneen" at a Knights of Columbus breakfast. Why we chose breakfast is somewhat obscure; perhaps because that unlikely hour would have been a strong challenge to John's capacities for stirring emotion and the results, we were sure, would have been proportionately rewarding. We never had the treat, but this month we have received Bing Crosby's latest venture into the Irish hymnology, "Galway Bay" (Decca 24295A, 79¢)—and we will settle. What W. B. Yeats called "the indomitable Irishry" will be overjoyed, and this department, with not a drop of Irish in its veins, simply hopes the record never breaks, and would like to know whether Crosby obtained the tremor in his last phrase by means of conscious art or insuperable emotion. The excellent accompaniment is by Victor Young's orchestra.

Crossing the sea before feeling runs too high, that expatriate Londoner Ray Noble, has made three agreeable sides—an old vaudeville-style tune, "I Wish I Knew the Name (of the Girl in My Dreams)"; a graceful 6/8 "Serenade," both with vocals by Buddy Clark (Columbia, 38091, 75¢); and our own favorite of the batch, "I Fell in Love with You"—a handsomely orchestrated tune suiting its title—from the musical "Make Mine Manhattan" (Columbia 38080, 75¢).

The pulpit's final remarks this morning take their text from the late Flo Ziegfeld, an impresario too wise ever to give his customers too much of anything. Thus in one edition of the "Follies" the Brox Sisters, an early girl singing trio, appeared merely to sing the reprise of certain numbers; you had just begun to enjoy them when they were through. This historic showmanship makes a special appeal today when most girl-singing trios have become a bore if not actually an outrage. It cannot be the form itself which is at fault, for the Boswell Sisters, with their vigorous and lyrical New Orleans musical habits, were stirring performers. They are recalled this month by the punchy, vivid Hall Sisters driving home the value of "Money, Money, Money," in mock-Calypso style, with hot clarinet and trumpet (Victor 20-2728-A, 75¢). But most girl trios are all shouting and no warmth, or all crooning and no musical vitality. There is something psychologically as well as musically alarming when Perry Como is pursued between phrases by three or more young women in close harmony—as in Fats Waller's old melody "I've Got a Feeling I'm Falling" (Victor 20-2593-A, 75¢). And the Mullens Sisters, whose new album describes them as "Voca-Lovelies" (Victor P194, $4), alternate between limpid, fresh saccharinity and "cute" jazziness; their "Moon of Manakoora" carries daintiness altogether too far, while their version of the spiritual "Standin' in the Need of Prayer" is much too coy for words—or music.

WILDER HOBSON.

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SCRATCHING *the* SURFACE

HOLLYWOOD.

PERHAPS the most unique musical ensemble in Los Angeles is an organization which calls itself "Evenings on the Roof."

Founders of the outfit are Frances Mullen, pianist, and her husband Peter Yates, who bought a bungalow on the Micheltorena Street hill expressly for the purpose of giving musicians an opportunity to play music off the beaten path. Among the scores they have performed are works by Charles Ives, Arnold Schoenberg, Villa-Lobos, Stravinsky, and Busoni.

The first concert, an all-Bartók program, was given in April 1939. Included in the performance were his "Second Violin Sonata," the "Piano Sonata," and the "Rumanian Dances." The audience totaled nineteen music lovers. And at the bottom of the original printed program appeared a statement of policy which still holds true today: "The concerts are for the pleasure of the performers and will be played regardless of audience." See what we mean by calling the ensemble unusual? Somehow we can't picture any symphony orchestra in the country taking a similar attitude. If they did, they wouldn't last out the season.

Despite the frank and outspoken attitude that the customer be damned, "Evenings on the Roof," a non-profit, collaborative enterprise, have caught on. Catching up with the current series, we find that on April 5, they will present a special program in honor of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the League of Composers. The program will include works by Berger, Harrison, Piston, and as a special tribute to an outstanding patroness of contemporary music, the "Oboe Sonata," by Elizabeth Sprague Coolidge. George Antheil will also be heard playing a new piano sonata.

In return, the league will sponsor a New York broadcast of four compositions by Los Angeles composers which have been played at Roof concerts. Scheduled are works by George Tremblay, Julius Toldi, Adolph Weiss, and Ingolf Dahl.

Also in April, a special invitational program will be given for John Cage, who will play for the first time the complete cycle of his sonatas for "prepared" piano.

* * *

There are no announcements from Columbia regarding new records. The only news is that the company has moved into its brand-new plant on Alden Drive, where they expect almost to double former production. The building cost over a million dollars. The Columbia Coast headquarters have grown up two inches and are now prepared to press twelve-inch records; formerly they were only able to turn out ten-inch discs.

* * *

Alco is taking a breather from that recording deluge of recent months. Only a few releases are scheduled in the next month. These consist of single records of authentic Palestinian folk songs, sung by Henry Rosenblatt, son of the late cantor.

Meanwhile, in the popular field, Capitol Records continues to hold the spotlight of activity. Benny Goodman, master of the clarinet, will be coming up this spring with the familiar, "You Turned the Tables on Me." Vocal, by Emma Lou Welsh, who has sung other sides with Benny.

Jo Stafford, recently sang a couple of traditional folk songs on her radio show. The response was so enthusiastic, she decided to follow through with an album of the same. Accompanied by Paul Weston's orchestra, Jo will be heard singing such traditional American ballads as "Barbara Allen," and "He's Gone Away." And in her usual vein, the charming Miss Stafford has torched "It Was Written in the Stars," one of four songs cleffed by Harold Arlen for the Universal-International Picture, "Casbah." On flip-over side is "It's Monday Every Day," a bluish rhythm ballad with relaxed jazz instrumentation by Paul Weston and his orchestra.

Now Nellie Lutcher has joined the album-of-the-month club. Having scored a smash hit in mid-1947, the real "Gone Gal" emerges with six solid sides of songs and piano. If you happen to be a Lutcher fan, you'll hurry on down to catch the rhythm of "The One I Love Belongs to Somebody Else," "Chi-Chi-Chi Chicago," "Reaching for the Moon," "There's Another Mule in Your Stall," "Sleepy Lagoon," and "Lake Charles Boogie."

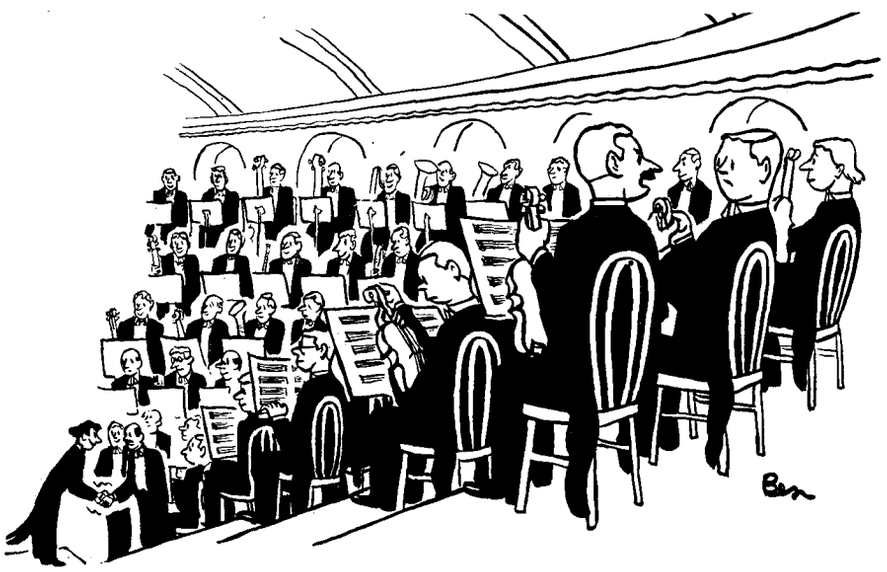
From the sublime to the mite-ticulous is the information that child star Margaret O'Brien has waxed a story written by her aunt. Titled "Let's Fly to Mexico," Margaret narrates a tale about the people below the border, and several experiences there. In a dual role, little Miss O'Brien plays a Mexican girl whom she meets down Mexico way.

The list of interpretations of "I Can't Get Started" seems never ending. Even though it was an acknowledged fact beforehand that the late Bunny Berigan's trumpeting remains unsurpassed, Billy Butterfield decided to record the tune as a special tribute to the great golden horn. And in line with his homage, all royalties from the disc will be turned over to the Berigan Memorial Fund. Butterfield's trumpet, with lots of expressive "plunger" is featured.

* * *

The unquenchable creative urge of that keen-edged satirist, Abe Burrows, never diminishes. Not satisfied with the success of his "The Girl with the Three Blue Eyes"—which, incidentally, was not dedicated to a painting by Picasso—the prolific Abe has whipped up, a little in advance, an Independence Day tune. It's titled: "Grandfather Celebrated the Fourth by Polishing Off a Fifth!"

LEONARD HOFFMAN.



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THE JAZZ BEAT

SNOWS OF YESTERDAY

IT COMES to you suddenly standing in a record shop. All at once you realize that the fragments of sound seeping from the demonstration booths are not the treasured bits that used to excite you years ago. No more of the heated grandeur of Count Basie when the band was hungrier and classier—before somebody sold the leader an organ. No more of the Goodman Sextet discs you used to look forward to when Charlie Christian, Cootie Williams, and Lionel Hampton took solos that would jar you out of your seat and nearly tear your heart out with their savage beauty. Or Lunceford with the greatest reed section ever; Duke Ellington before he dedicated himself to writing specious concertos for his second-string soloists; Andy Kirk with Mary Lou Williams. You remember when practically all the colored bands large and small were fine, really fine and a good time was had by all.

Instead, you sort out phrases and idioms in the sounds from the booths that tell you that the Tex Benekes, Elliot Lawrences, Claude Thornhills, et cetera, especially the et ceteras, are the new-looks doing business at the old location. There's neither meat nor beat in their tepid sonorities but they are just trying (successfully) to please the majority of the public. It is easy to carp that they are patently jettisoning good taste in search of the Yankee dollar; but some have hustled shamelessly and unhappily so that the dependents might be well-shod, roofed, and fed.

There is also the humbling thought that maybe you are the one who is out of step. It is quite possible that the followers of the et ceteras will cherish their champions in later years much the same as you cherish yours. No matter how modern you try to be, the day will come when the kiddies will tell everyone at school: "My parents are dears, really, but they are so quaint. They still like to play their old recordings of bebop."

METRONOME ALL STARS WITH STAN KENTON'S ORCHESTRA: *Leap Here; Metrononome Riff.* (Capitol 15039, 79¢.)

Winners of *Metronome Magazine*'s annual solo poll (Dizzy Gillespie, Bill Harris, Flip Phillips, Nat Cole, Eddie Safranski, and others) collaborate on a Nat Cole "head" arrangement and then join Stan Kenton's winning crew on the "Riff" side. Although eight top-ranking soloists in three minutes plus are considerably crowded, the sides stand up well as samplings of styles. It is interesting to note that while all the winners are not bebop-erators, they are young and progressive musicians without exception.

KAY STARR: *You've Got to See Mama Ev'ry Night; Mercy, Mercy, Mercy.* (Capitol 497, 79¢.)

Hearing this singer you imagine that the gutty, robust utterances can only be coming from a large and buxum colored blues shouter. Actually Miss Starr is a beautiful, petite, and non-Negroid vocalist who may be assessed, approximately, as sensational.

She knows her way about a tune and fetches it to you in a fetching manner.

LENNIE TRISTANO QUARTET: *Through These Portals; Speculation.* (Disc 5500, $1.05.)

An intellectual and esthetic thrill as are all of Tristano's productions. Here is an artist who is relatively unsung for the present but whose records will be cherished in years to come. "Through These Portals" goes a fine idea but "Speculation" is not up to the heights reached in Tristano's Keynote recordings.

EDDIE SAFRANSKI SEPTET: *Sa-Frantic; Bass Mood.* (Atlantic 851, 81¢.)

Seven temporary fugitives from the Stan Kenton "progressive jazz" orchestra manage two fine offerings, and enable Atlantic Records to effect an auspicious debut. There is more jazz, and less "progressiveness," with a relaxed beat that the big Kenton group seldom attains of late. Safranski's bass violin is magnificent as usual and Art Pepper offers evidence that he is the most promising young bop alto saxophonist of the day. The surface, general fidelity, and balance of this new record are of the highest quality. Atlantic is an independent to watch with interest.

LOUIS ARMSTRONG: *I Can't Give You Anything but Love; Black and Blue.* (Columbia 38052, 75¢.)

With the deluge of mediocre shellac pouring from the presses, pause and pray that heaven will foster more reissues like these. Recorded in 1929, Armstrong's solos still retain their urgent beauty. Along about 1969 you will wish you had these, so get them now.

LES PAUL: *Brazil; Lover.* (Capitol 15037, 79¢.)

Interesting trickery from one of the most proficient technicians and at the same time the least inventive soloists on guitar. By clever sound engineering, Mr. Paul dubs in several of his own solos and finds himself transformed into a duet, a trio—with rhythmic interpolations by none other than Les Paul.

BOOGIE WOOGIE. (Decca Album A-603, $3.91.)

Eight samples of eight-beat reissues featuring Bob Zurke, Freddie Slack, Tommy Linehan, and the relatively unsung but highly competent Jay McShann. There are some weak sides but the total is worth examining for the Bob Crosby "Honky Tonk Train," "Yancy Special," and the McShanns.

JOSH WHITE: *Ballads and Blues, Vol. II.* (Decca Album A-611, $3.91.)

Something of a tour de force for the able White as this segment of his repertoire embraces an Australian ballad, an Irish air, a Middle Age ballad, a protest against discrimination, a spiritual, and so on.

NELLIE LUTCHER. (Capitol Album CC-70, $3.12.)

An item you will have to review for yourself. There is no middle ground of opinion for Miss Lutcher—she is either frightful or magnificent. Listen and mark your own ballot.

GILBERT MCKEAN.

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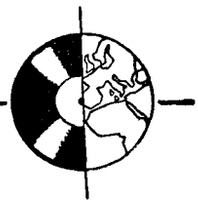
THE OTHER SIDE



PARIS.

NOW THAT times are looking up once more, it can be admitted without imputation of treason that the artistic quality of French records during these immediate post-liberation years has been as dismal as it was glorious during the Nazi occupation. While the enemy controlled Paris Pathé-Marconi (the big combine comprising French HMV, Columbia, Pathé, and Odeon) recorded, in toto, works like "The Damnation of Faust," "Pelléas," and Honegger's "Jeanne d'Arc au Bûcher," issuing them with sumptuously printed "booklets" of explanatory notes and illustrations. Collectors who had hopefully looked for achievements surpassing even these once the Germans were driven out experienced a sad disillusionment. For three years after General Leclerc's tanks first rumbled down the Champs-Elysées, French record releases were distressingly meager and uninspiring. One reason for this swift decline lay in the very richness of the 1940-1944 output. Many people connected with the French record industry had collaborated with enemy authorities, and while their politically chaste replacements were learning the ropes, artistic standards bogged badly. Antiquated recording techniques also accounted for a marked slackening in effort. Until a few weeks ago, French studios were still using equipment of 1939 vintage, and it was difficult to interest consumers in "new" releases which were technically eight years out of date.

But the dog days are passing. Early this year, with the arrival at Pathé-Marconi of new British recording equipment, an extensive program of high-fidelity waxings was initiated. The first of these has already been released—Ravel's "Piano Concerto in G" played by Emile Passani with the Colonne Orchestra under Jean Fournet (Pathé PDT 155/7). Whatever the authenticity of the old Marguerite Long-Maurice Ravel version, it cannot stand competition with this recent recording, which in tonal brilliance equals the best postwar English waxings. Choosing Ravel as the first composer to be accorded high-fidelity recording was not purely fortuitous. Pathé-Marconi intends to record a great deal of twentieth-century French music this year, from Debussy to the present day. Included in their tentative schedule is a work long overdue on records—Ravel's second opera, "L'Enfant et Les Sortilèges." Complete recordings taken from the nineteenth-century French operatic repertoire are also planned. Unfortunately, these will rely mainly on the Paris Opéra for talent, and one can expect little more than a faithful reproduction of the tradition, routined competence, and utter lack of imagination which currently characterizes that institution. Of greater interest is the proposed return to Paris studios this spring of Nadia Boulanger, whose few prewar discs are among the gems of recorded literature. Fauré's "Requiem" is slated to be recorded under her direction.

Readers who treasure Wanda Landowska's album of Scarlatti sonatas will be glad to know that more are on the way. Matrices of unpublished recordings made in 1939 by the eminent harpsichordist were recently discovered in a Paris warehouse. They include many sonatas by Scarlatti and Mozart, and are due to be issued some time this year. Another addition to a famous series is Pablo Casal's recording of the Bach "Suite No. 4," for unacompanied cello, in E flat major. Made in Paris during the early months of the war, these discs (French HMV W-1528/30) are currently available on import from France.

Small record firms catering solely to the connoisseur generally pay financial, as well as artistic, dividends in France. It is probably the only country in the world where people can make records for love and not lose money. One of the latest entries in the connoisseur field, Les Discophiles Français, was formed in 1942 by a musically inclined broker who discovered that his once prospering fire insurance business was going to pot under the occupation. His first record issues, among them the delightful "Les Indes Galantes" of Rameau, are already well known to American collectors. At present, Discophiles Français is engaged in recording "French Songs of the Renaissance," a series devoted to such masters as Josquin des Prés, Jannequin, and Orlande de Lassus. If the completed set carries out the promise of its initial albums, this will be a recorded masterpiece to rank with the already legendary Gregorian chant discs of the Solosmes monks. Another ambitious undertaking can be found on the Oiseau Lyre label, a complete recording of Bach's "48" preludes and fugues played by Isabelle Nef (harpsichord). Here again, the first releases indicate that a record classic is in the making.

American collectors will find discs of French manufacture appearing with increasing abundance at their local record importers. By government order, priority must be given to dollar purchasers. Admittedly, this is hard on the French discophile who may have to wait weeks before a particular record is in stock. For the international record boom has not bypassed France. Despite a production three times that of prewar, its factories cannot come close to meeting an unprecedented demand.

ROLAND GELATT.

Memo to The Ed

Here is some news on "things to come" from the European studios. Walter Gieseking will make a series of recordings in Switzerland this March. EMI will send equipment from England. He is to record Bach, Mozart, and of course a lot of twentieth-century French stuff. Also, maybe some concertos (informant was vague about this). Gieseking, despite his allegience to the Third Reich, received nothing short of adulation from the Parisian critics and public on the occasion of his first postwar appearance in January. Gieseking is now at the summit of his powers. His mastery has improved during the last ten years, and from an old Gieseking admirer, that is praise indeed.

Fürtwängler is appearing in London this spring, at which time he will make some discs for Decca with the London Philharmonic. Of all things, they have him down for a re-waxing of the "Pathétique."

Quite a bit of Bartók is being recorded at Abbey Road these days. Menuhin did the "Sonata for Violin Solo," and a Hungarian pianist named Edith Farnadi has recorded several Bartók compositions.

Other English discs on the way: Britten's "Rape of Lucretia" in a version abridged for records by the composer. . . . The following by Beecham and the Royal Philharmonic — Debussy's "Printemps," Tchaikovsky's "Third Symphony," Sibelius's "Second"... Edwin Fischer and Philharmonia Orchestra under Krips doing Mozart's "C Major Concerto" (K.503) . . . Claudio Arrau in Brahms "Concerto No. 1"...

When the EMI people went to Vienna this autumn they recorded the Beethoven "Ninth" twice. Once with Fürtwängler for HMV label, once with Karajan for Columbia! . . . By the way, EMI is in Berlin now recording the Berlin Philharmonic. But with whom and in what I couldn't determine.

EMI is sending out new British recording equipment to Spain this year. Plan is to wax Madrid Orchestra in De Falla and other Spanish music.

R. G.

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Some Highs and Lows

AMPLIFIERS FOR HOME USE

FOR the enterprising record owner who is willing to dicker, mechanically and electrically, for his musical pleasure, the separate amplifier unit is a most satisfactory basis for home equipment. I suggested last month that reasonably priced amplifiers, far more reasonable than many would suppose, come in two categories: the public address type, not intended for phonographs but an excellent buy thanks to mass production and dependability, and a more recent arrival on the scene, the moderately-priced amplifier designed specifically for phonograph use. This last, mentioned briefly last month, is on the way to becoming a sensational success by all accounts and a more detailed description of it is in order.

Because in the home phonograph quality is more important than power and volume, this type of amplifier sacrifices power for optimum quality performance. (The public address amplifier does the reverse.) This is done through the use of desirable distortion correcting devices, such as inverse feed-back, which cut down power and improve quality and range. Here, the microphone input and its preamplifier are omitted, and there is a more flexible tone-control system to accommodate variations in recordings. (See February RECORDINGS.)

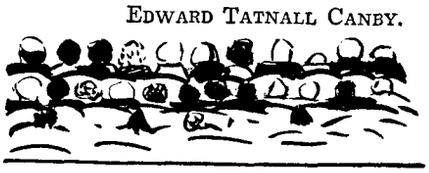
One typical amplifier of this sort, the Bogen PH-10, listing at about $45, gives ten-watts output, which is considerably more than most people will tolerate in their homes. It incorporates inverse feed-back and push-pull output from two tubes, both excellent features to have. There is a single input plug, for crystal-type phonograph pickup or for radio (AM or FM). The tone-control knob has four positions—wide range (this will cover all the best new records can give); somewhat restricted range, for older or scratchy records; a third position similar to the second but with a bass boost, and finally the "juke box" position (for those who insist!) which cuts out all high tones and turns the bass into a china-rattling boom. This amplifier, hooked up to a new nylon-type of "QT" crystal pickup and any one of various twelve-inch extended range speakers in the $15 class, will do a splendid job with even the best of the new records. Its flexibility is quite adequate for the non-technical-minded listener. Others of similar design are appearing and the above description may be used as a general guide to the type.

Top quality reproduction requires one of the new magnetic pickups such as the variable reluctance. This means an added preamplifier, to be wired into the amplifier circuit. The connections (high voltage) are a problem for the beginner, but a serviceman or amateur initiate can do it for you. Some amplifiers come with the special preamplifier already built in; at least one such is available in the $15 rock-bottom category and others in the high-price ranges. If you intend to stick to the newer crystal pickups, you may ignore this complication.

The next step upwards in price in the way of amplifiers brings two main differences. One type gives a similar quality, but provides considerably more in the way of versatility. Volume expander, separate controls for bass and highs (both increasing and decreasing from normal), built-in preamplifiers, more power output, are to be expected in such a machine. This is an excellent amplifier for the adventuresome pioneer who wants gadgets for his money. The other type is quite unlike this. The increase in price goes instead almost entirely into higher quality components and better quality; the simple controls and the power output are very similar to that of the cheaper machines. This type is ideal for the buyer who has no desire to tinker as he listens, who wants his money to go into improved sound and nothing else.

Above these come the fancy de luxe amplifiers, and having come this far one might as well go the whole hog and acquire a top quality professional amplifier, combining the best in versatility with absolutely maximum quality. (Granted always that associated equipment is as good, and comparably expensive.) In this top price range, from $150 on up, we enter the field of professional engineering interest—and the incredible hair-splitting arguments that go on must not obscure the fact that *the essentials of good performance are here taken for granted;* arguments are mostly on a technical plane, beyond any practicality for most listeners. The vital decision is—shall I buy a machine with built-in noise suppressor (three are now available), or not? For that, see next month's issue.

EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.



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THE YOUNGER SET

SOME of the talent which Decca employed to good use in "Genie the Magic Record" reappears in "The Little Tune That Ran Away" (DU 90023 A, $2, unbreakable). Robert Hilliard and Simon Rady are among its writers, and the performer is once more Peter Lind Hayes, who recreates the story of the little tune in search of understanding with deft charm. The story is interesting, the background music good. Also from Decca is a new Danny Kaye record, "The Little Fiddle" (DU 8806, $2, unbreakable), which is based on a scene from "The Secret Life of Walter Mitty." Kaye has plenty of opportunity here for mimicry, and the results are, naturally enough, quite funny.

Not being able to find the right words to describe "The Eager Piano" (Col. Set M.J. 43, $1.75)—or at least, not better ones than are offered in description of the album—we pass along a synopsis prepared by Columbia:

> This is the story of the birth, growth, and adventures of a piano—an eager piano which wanted to play in Carnegie Hall. The piano is bought for a little boy . . . but the boy and his piano practise so hard for the big event that the over-anxious piano has a nervous breakdown and cannot play. . . . It looks as if the piano is to have a sad ending to its life, but there is a wonderful surprise in store for it and for you when you hear the records. . . . This charming and unusual story, which will be enjoyed by children from eight to eighty was first presented on a network radio program called "Hollywood Story." . . . It will prove of particular value to boys and girls who are learning to play the piano . . . an important part of the "Eager Piano" is the music which consists of brief excerpts from compositions in the standard repertory.

We can only add to this that we found the story absurd, and the use of such dialogue as "homeless hobo living in a second-hand furniture flop house" hardly educational for the young mind. Most important, the musical value imputed to the brief snatches of Beethoven, Mozart, Debussy, etc., played in undistinguished style, can exist only in the mind of the scenario writer. If the record companies are sincere in their desire to help the child studying the piano or the violin, why not an album of some of the shorter works for these instruments played by the finest artists they have?

A piano more in tune with the times is to be found in "Said the Piano to the Harpsichord" (Young People's Record 411, $1.57, unbreakable). It is instructive, musical and entertaining; and its contrast of the two instruments can surely add to a child's fund of been well-written by Prof. Douglas Moore, and the musical performance is also of proper quality.

In songs, the month offers a new group of A. A. Milne (Decca DU 90028, $2, unbreakable), this time by Frank Luther, who has been singing these songs on records for upward of a decade. These "Winnie the Pooh" excerpts include such favorites as "Buckingham Palace," "Four Friends," "Vespers" and "The King's Breakfast," all in the admired settings of Fraser Simpson. As before, Luther has a genial way with this material, and it is better reproduced here, of course, than in the past. In passing, it may be mentioned that Gene Kelly does a fine job with some of this material in his "When We Were Very Young" collection (Columbia MJ 42, $1.75). Finally, there is a good Will Geer disk of "Chisholm Trail" (Y.P.R. 409, $1.57). It tells of the early days of cowboys herding their cattle along the Chisholm trail, with Geer delivering the story in crackerbarrel style and Tom Glasser vocalizing in his pleasantly appealing manner.

MARIE L. MUTCH.

RECORD MART

RECORD MART is designed to provide a bulletin board on which may be posted buyers' or sellers' notice of anything odd, unusual, rare, or out of print on discs or the accessories thereto. Individuals as well as dealers may submit their offerings of duplicated discs, rare labels, old acoustics, society sets, private issues, or withdrawn items, albums, needles, record brushes, or the like. Rate: 25¢ per word; 12-word minimum. Count two extra words for box and number. Full payment must be received fifteen days before publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers and submit postage bills periodically. Mail to be called for at this office will be held thirty days only. Address: RECORD MART, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45 Street, New York 19, N. Y.

FOR EXCHANGE: Beecham Act IV of "Boheme" excellent condition for Schubert C major symphony, Hamilton Harty conducting. Condition should be fair or better. Box R3.

WANTED: RACHMANINOFF-KREISLER version of Beethoven violin and piano sonata opus 30. Will pay cash. Box R8.

WHO HAS Paul Paray version Beethoven "Pastorale" symphony for sale or exchange? Will offer Toscanini or Stokowski version same work, or meet reasonable price. Box R10.

COLLECTORS OF ARTIE SHAW, ATTENTION. Offer two rare items—"Begin the Beguine" on Musicraft record now withdrawn; and "Any Old Time" with Billie Holiday chorus, on Bluebird, also withdrawn. Offer must be good. Box R11.

CARUSO ENTHUSIAST asks aid in obtaining "Madame Butterfly" duet with Geraldine Farrar. Who has it for sale or exchange? Box R1.

WAGNERITE will sell Karl Muck version of "Meistersinger" prelude. Condition, fair. What is offered? Box R2.

ATTENTION! Detroit and Michigan record collectors: For the most complete classical library in this area, visit or call Campus Record Shop. Also a large selection of H.M.V., Parlophone, and English Decca records. We mail anywhere. CAMPUS RECORD SHOP, 6314 W. McNichols, Detroit 21, Mich. Open evenings.

MAESTRO-TONE SEMI-PERMANENT NEEDLE. Metallurgic alloy tip, molded to record groove. 4,000 perfect playings. $1.00 postpaid. SARVER'S, 889 Rutland Road, Brooklyn, N. Y.

LOOKING FOR OLD RECORDS? Ask for my lists: operatic, vocal, popular. DELANO, 349 Lindnwold, Ambler, Pa.

COLLECTOR'S HAVEN: THOUSANDS OF RARE DOMESTIC and imported items. No premium prices. This week's feature: Vic DM 611 Bach Cello Suites #2 & 3, Paul Casals. TEMPO MUSIC SHOP, 1452 First Ave., N. Y. C. 21.

BACH FROM BETHLEHEM—3 pocket, ten inch album chorales from Bach's Christmas Oratorio, Boys' Choir. $3.95 prepaid. HUFF MUSIC, Bethlehem, Pa.

"JUST RECORDS." This week's features: Corelli: Christmas Concerto (Walter, $3.50), Bruckner: 9th Symphony ($9.75), Vaughn Williams, London Symphony ($7.25). Express collect. ELAINE MUSIC SHOP, 9 East 44 St., N.Y.C. 17.

F. D. ROOSEVELT'S OWN VOICE. Authorized recording of 23 of Roosevelt's most important radio addresses, N.B.C.'s incomparable recording; from First Inaugural, March 1933, to Jefferson Day Address, April 1945. Spans the most momentous period in history. Two de luxe souvenir albums, 12 records, 2 sides, unbreakable, $24.50 set. For collectors, unions, students of effective speech. LINGUAPHONE INSTITUTE, 216 RCA Building, New York 20.

SPECIALIZED SERVICE CATERING to collectors of vocal records. Circular on request. Mail order only. RECORD COLLECTORS' SERVICE, 8 West 40 St., Room 1108, N.Y.C. 18.

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Recordings Reports on Current Pop Releases

PERFORMER, SONG, DATA	REPORT
Beneke, Tex: "Beyond the Sea." Victor 20-2691, 75¢	Conventionalized but pleasant American vocal and dance version of Charles Trenet's fine French song favorite, "La Mer." The master's own is preferable.
Cole, Buddy: "Keys to Romance." Capitol album BD-63, $3.91	Another of the increasingly numerous "piano-with-rhythm" packages which feature tasteful, clean piano playing, and little definable as inspiration. Obviously designed as innocuous background music, thus making content a secondary factor.
Como, Perry: "Haunted Heart." Victor 20-2713, 75¢	Sturdy balladeering by Como of the "plug" tune from "Inside U.S.A." Not the grandest Schwartz tune, but superior to most of the ballads going the phonographic rounds these days. Como sings it with fine gusto, and a neat turn of style.
Goodman, Benny: "Give Me Those Good Old Days." Capitol 15044, 75¢	Save for the label, one wouldn't suspect this to be the work of the one-time King—unless one remembered that he has an affection for these corny take-offs (assuming it is meant as a take-off). With it is a revival of one of his old-time fancies, "You Turned the Tables on Me." It sounded better in the Thirties.
Herman, Woody: "Sabre Dance." Columbia 38102, 75¢	Another instance of everybody making money except Tchaikovsky—in this case Khatchaturian, from whose "Gayne" ballet this is extracted. It is vulgar enough as decorated by the composer for the symphony orchestra; reduced to the hard-hitting devices of the jazz band, it could be another "Bongo Bongo"—something to run from. With it is the English novelty "Swing Low Sweet Clarinet," not too toothsome either. Judgment on the new Herman band will have to be deferred until something more usual is at hand.
Ingle, Red: "Cigarettes, Whiskey, and Wild Wild Women." Capitol 15045, 79¢	Assisted by his "Might and Main Street Choral Society," Maestro Ingle effects a hilarious satire on the backwoods revival meeting. With a sense of the fitting, Capitol gleefully labels the results "Outdoor Chamber Music." On "Pearly Maude," despite the antics of a singer named Mlle. Fifi Y'Okum, everybody tries a little too hard for laughs.
Kyser, Kay: "Friendship." Columbia 37962, 75¢	Efficient revival of Cole Porter's assault on human amity (originally found in "Du Barry Was a Lady"), done with comic impropriety. Also a revival on the other side, this time the jaunty "Strip Polka."
Lunceford, Jimmy: "I Love You." Columbia 38097, 75¢	Reissue of the grand old 1922 tune (the Thompson-Archer version of the most potent three words in the language), as rendered in 1939 by the sumptuous band of the late Lunceford. The vocal is somewhat on the lavender side, but the rich baritone saxophoning of Earl Carruthers is more than enough excuse for recommending the side.
Marais, Josef: "Songs from the Veld." Decca 302, $2.87	Purists may object to including Marais in this category, but the quality of his work is recommended to anyone who likes good tunes, well sung. For those to whom they are unfamiliar, they may be described as a blend of folkish, out-of-door material with a little musical sophistication. Marais is a distinctive personality who has given something to the phonograph which is completely his own.
Powell, Dick: "Souvenir Album." Decca 608, $3.91	The current tough guy, Powell, is hardly even suggested by these sides, mementos of the days when he was a romantic baritone on the Warner lot. The singing is pleasantly unpretentious, but the material includes only two durable tunes—"Shadow Waltz" and "I Only Have Eyes for You."
Shore, Dinah: "What's Good About a Goodby?" Columbia 38094, 75¢	About the best of Harold Arlen's tunes from the film "Casbah," it is sung with charming effect by Miss Shore. However, it attempts the extended musical form which Arlen handled so well in "Old Black Magic," without as much success.
Stevens, Risë: "Bless this House" and "Through the Years." Columbia 4510, $1	An arduous exercise in domestic piety (the theme music of the eminent mezzo's radio program) and an oversentimental rendering of Vincent Youmans's plentifully sentimental ballad. Stevens is more relaxed in the latter than in the former, but it is recommended only to her fans.

Watch for

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OVER THE

NATION

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Saturday Review of

RECORDINGS

25 West 45th Street

New York 19, N. Y.

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Letters to the *RECORDINGS* Editor

Discomaniacs

SIR: Permit me to enter the spirited controversy between Robert Lawrence and Remy Farkas about the "Discomaniacs."

At the outset, let me state that I have just had a physical and mental check-up and have been found to be sane and sound, and free from any manias, disco or otherwise. (Mania, as defined in standard dictionaries: a form of mental unsoundness shown in hallucination, passionate emotional excitement, and delirium; often raving insanity; loosely, insanity in general.) I am, however, a music lover and a record collector and buy a great number of foreign discs. My compelling reason for engaging in this hobby (not mania) is the fact that not only do I find many of such artists as Aksel Schiotz, Charles Münch, Charles Panzera, Eva Turner, Clifford Curzon, Eileen Joyce, Leon Goossens, and Helge Roswaenge, etc., worth hearing, but quite often I am unable to locate a domestic recording of the same work.

Although I greatly enjoy anything which is somewhat off the beaten track, I would never go so far as to buy an imported set simply because "these artists are out of reach and consequently more desirable," as Mr. Lawrence states. Neither have I discovered, as yet, that a rare phonograph record could serve as "the ultimate substitute for sex." (Has he ever tried it?)

Mr. Farkas is entirely correct when he points out the tremendous wealth of artists who give us their best on these discs, and I heartily welcome his initiative and enthusiasm which results in the introduction of such talent.

PAUL W. SAMUEL.

New York, N. Y.

Verbal Billiard Game

SIR: Your March edition had me snarling and chuckling by turns. Mr. Menotti shows some courage in biting his thumb at Hollywood and the radio folk, though you'll pardon me for feeling that it's *not* the thumb on the hand that he uses to sign contracts.

I was grunting happily at his remarks on the recent Broadway mutilation of Strindberg, when suddenly he started a verbal billiard game with himself. In one paragraph he asks "that we respect the original medium which the artist has chosen," and then about twenty-five slugs down the column he admits that a transference in medium is possible if that artist is around to sanction the job. Where does this carom shot leave a lot of Menotti's operatic predecessors? Gounod and Verdi (to pick obvious examples) got no assist from Shakespeare. Perhaps Menotti thought of Shakespeare, too, at this point, because he chalks his cue importantly and qualifies his proscription still further by allowing that (as in Olivier's "Henry V") "a great play can be made into a good film" if the process is accomplished with sufficient "love and respect for the original." I'm afraid that by now I don't know where Menotti stands.

First he says that a work of art is inseparable from the form in which it is cast. He begs us to respect that form, and offers us a number of ways in which we may with his blessing disregard it. The man is the soul of liberality! . . .

I would direct Menotti's attention to many of the surviving Greek and Elizabethan plays, themselves rewrites of earlier variations on still earlier themes, and then have him look again at his distressed observation that today "on Broadway we *even* see plays adapted into new plays." (My italics.)

I would also, as a great admirer of "The Medium" and with my fingers crossed for its Hollywood handling, suggest that he drop in to see the recent film version of "Mourning Becomes Electra," which is my idea of how to carry a good play directly to the screen so that by very reason of its faithful, literal, loving, and respectful adaptation you can wind up with a bad movie.

DON FREDERICK.

New York, N. Y.

Basic Record Library

SIR: I have read your article "The Basic Record Library" in the February issue of RECORDINGS, and I also refer to your book now and then, but I am curious about one point.

If the particular recording you recommend is not available any longer, is it your idea that a music lover should do without this particular composition rather than buy some other version of it? For example, RCA-Victor Album DM-158 of Beethoven's Piano Concerto No. 1 hasn't been available since I opened my shop almost two years ago, and there is no telling whether or not it will be reprinted soon. Is it your idea that the music lover should do without this concerto until that album is reprinted—if at all—or wouldn't it be better to have and enjoy the Dorfman-Toscanini version than none at all?

Surely other versions of classics must have some merit or they wouldn't be recorded and wouldn't these versions be better than none at all?

LEON FERGUSON.

Memphis, Tenn.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Any recommendation is a statement of personal preference and can only be interpreted as such. If the preferential version is not available, the purchaser must decide for himself whether the shortcomings of another recording are so great that it is not worth an investment. Incidentally, the mere fact that a version has been recorded and released is no guarantee at all of musical quality. The catalogues are full of recordings that no musician would countenance—except the performer.*

SIR: Could you kindly tell me since when your series of articles "The Basic Record Library" has been appearing in your magazine and what are my chances of getting any back numbers? I should like to have them.

H. EINZIGER.

New York, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The series began with a Beethoven survey, followed by a Tchaikovsky. Back issues can be obtained by writing to* The Saturday Review of Literature, *25 W. 45th St., New York City. Charge is 15¢ per issue, in stamps or coin.*

Wire and Tape

SIR: I must let you know that I enjoy your reviews of recordings immensely. In fact I must confess that they are the reason for my becoming a subscriber to *SRL*.

Your article on tape and wire recordings [RECORDINGS Feb. 28] is timely, but I am puzzled by your comparative listing of recordings. The Amplifier Corporation Model 800B, with a range (manufacturer's claim) of 70-9,000 cycles . . . is rated "good," while the Brush BK 401, which claims a 10-5,000 cycle range and sounds like it (on the dull side) is rated "excellent." It would have been less misleading to your readers if you had published their actual range.

KENNETH E. BRITZIUS.

Minneapolis, Minn.

SIR: . . . We feel that the article "A Survey of Magnetic Recorders for Home Use". . . undoubtedly answered some questions concerning . . . magnetic recording. Inasmuch as the main basis for comparison is the frequency response in cycles per second, I can see no explanation for the fact that the Brush Soundmirror BK-401, which claims a high response of 5,000 cycles, was rated "excellent" whereas Amplifier Corporation's model 800 E, also with a response of 5,000 cycles and greatly reduced hum and doubled playing time was judged "fair." In addition, Model 800-B, with a high frequency response of 9,000 cycles and many other improvements was marked "good."

SIDNEY KARR,
Asst. to Vice President,
Amplifier Corp. of America.

New York, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *James E. Jump, author of the article in question, states that not all manufacturers were able to provide the pertinent data of frequency response to which the letters above refer, and consequently it was necessary to rely on arbitrary standards of quality. This included "listenability," as well as engineering elements. As to the discrepancy between the Brush and Amplifier Corporation models (in terms of frequency response) Mr. Jump informs us that a late development by Brush, in which a new kind of tape is utilized, considerably increases its frequency response up to 9,000 cycles. It was on the basis of this late information that the rating of "excellent" was assigned to it. If the data can be assembled, a purely statistical evaluation of the many recorders now on the market will be presented in a future issue of* RECORDINGS. *This, of course, would require that all manufacturers submit accurate data on their equipment, including response curves, plus specifications concerning the kind of tape utilized for the test purposes. At that, it would leave some latitude of preference depending on the other components utilized for reproduction.*

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Records Over the Nation

A Dealer Survey of Top Record Sellers

City and Store	*Popular Singles*	*Popular Albums*	*Classical Singles*	*Classical Albums*
ATLANTA (*Tyler's Gramophone Shop*)	Confessin' (P)	Duchin-Tchaikovsky (C)	Enfance du Christ (C)	Khatchaturian Violin Concerto (CH)
BERKELEY, CALIF. (*Berkeley Music House*)	Four Leaf Clover (MGM)	Dancing in the Dark (D)	Sabre Dance (V)	Bach: Magnificat (V)
BIRMINGHAM (*Stairway to Music*)	Now Is the Hour (D)	Dorothy Shay I & II	Paganini Vars. (V)	Rhapsody in Blue (C)
BOSTON (*Boston Music Co.*)	Now Is the Hour (D)	Crosby—St. Patrick (D)	Clair de Lune (V)	Student Prince (C)
CHICAGO (*Hudson-Ross, Inc.*)	Four Leaf Clover (MGM)	Annie Get Your Gun (D)	Sabre Dance (C)	Tagliavini Album (V)
CINCINNATI (*Steinberg's, Inc.*)	Manana (Cap)	Crosby—St. Patrick (D)	Sabre Dance (V)	Schubert C Major (V)
DALLAS (*The Record Shop*)	Now Is the Hour (L)	Camarata Plays (L)	Sabre Dance (C)	Teyte: French Airs (V)
(*Whittle Music Co.*)	Four Leaf Clover (MGM)	Drifting and Dreaming (D)	Sabre Dance (D)	Graduation Ball (V)
DETROIT (*Doubleday Book Shop*)	Shine (M)	Camarata (L)	Jalousie (V)	Gayne Ballet (C)
KANSAS CITY, MO. (*Jenkins Music Co.*)	Now Is the Hour (D)	My Wild Irish Rose (V)	Sabre Dance (V)	Gayne Ballet (C)
LOS ANGELES (*Birkel-Richardson Co.*)	Now Is the Hour (D)	Dancing in the Dark (D)	Sabre Dance (V)	Cimarosa Oboe Concerto (C)
MEMPHIS (*Gage-Yarborough Record Shop*)	Now Is the Hour (L)	My Wild Irish Rose (V)	Sabre Dance (V)	Tagliavini Album (V)
(*Words and Music*)	Now Is the Hour (L)	Mel Torme Album (Mus)	Sabre Dance (V)	Tagliavini Album (V)
MIAMI BEACH (*Doubleday Book Shop*)	Manana (Cap)	Phil Harris Album (V)	Fantasie Impromptu (V)	Interplay (C)
NASHVILLE (*MU Sound System*)	Four Leaf Clover (MGM)	Vaughn Monroe Album (V)	Sabre Dance (V)	Rachmaninoff No. 2 Rubinstein (V)
NEW ORLEANS (*Doubleday Book Shop*)	La Mer (L)	Duchin-Tchaikovsky (C)	Willow Song (V)	Tagliavini Album (V)
NEW YORK (*Doubleday Book Shop*)	Four Leaf Clover (MGM)	Manhattan Tower (D)	Jalousie (V)	Gayne Ballet (C)
(*Dynamic Electronics*)	Manana (Cap)	Allegro (V)	Sabre Dance (V)	Romeo and Juliet (V)
(*Haynes-Griffin*)	See You in My Dreams (D)	Ought to Be a Society (L)	Sabre Dance (C)	Tagliavini Album (V)
(*Heins & Bolet*)	Manana (Cap)	My Wild Irish Rose (V)	Sabre Dance (C)	Tagliavini Album (V)
(*Liberty Music Shops*)	Manana (Cap)	Allegro (V)	Sabre Dance (V)	Tagliavini Album (V)
(*Rabson's*)	Brazil (Cap)	Gallodoro Concert (Man)	Sabre Dance (V)	Tagliavini Album (V)
OMAHA (*Lyon & Healy, Inc.*)	Now Is the Hour (L)	King Cole Vol. III (Cap)	Sabre Dance (V)	Gayne Ballet (C)
PHILADELPHIA (*Jacobs Bros. Music Co.*)	Four Leaf Clover (MGM)	Holiday for Strings (MGM)	Sabre Dance (V)	Tagliavini Album (V)
(*The Record Shop*)	Four Leaf Clover (MGM)	Allegro (V)	Sabre Dance (V)	Gayne Ballet (C)
PORTLAND, ME. (*Cressey & Allen*)	Beg Your Pardon (V)	Lombardo Twin Piano (D)	Sabre Dance (V)	Gayne Ballet (C)
PORTLAND, ORE. (*The Record Shop*)	Manana (Cap)	Perry Como (V)	Sabre Dance (V)	Schumann Piano Concerto (V)
ROCHESTER (*Esler's*)	Four Leaf Clover (MGM)	Good News (MGM)	Sabre Dance (C)	Mahler No. 5 (C)
SAN FRANCISCO (*Sherman Clay Co.*)	Manana (Cap)	Perry Como (V)	Sabre Dance (C)	Gayne Ballet (C)
ST. LOUIS (*Doubleday Book Shop*)	Now Is the Hour (D)	Dorothy Shay No. 2 (C)	Sabre Dance (V)	Romeo and Juliet (Tchaikovsky) (V)
WASHINGTON, D. C. (*Brentano's*)	Now Is the Hour (L)	Dorothy Shay (C)	Clair de Lune (V)	Gayne Ballet (C)

Key: C—Columbia Cap.—Capitol CH—Concert Hall D—Decca L—London Man—Manor Merc—Mercury MGM Mus—Musicraft P—Parlophone V—Victor

Leaders: The conspicuous hits tnis month are in the classical area, where the "Sabre Dance" from Khatchaturian's "Gayne" ballet, on a single side, is the best seller with twenty-three stores, of which sixteen report a preference for the Victor disc. Even more remarkable, the sale of the complete ballet continues apace, though it has yielded first place in album popularlity to the long-awaited first American discs of Ferrucio Tagliavini. The margin is narrow, nine stores for Tagliavini, eight for Gayne. Comparatively, the popular field is placid, with "Now Is the Hour" continuing its climb, and showing ten stores noting it as their best seller against eight for "Four Leaf Clover." No one item predominates in popular albums, with an even score of three stores apiece for the Dorothy Shay albums, Day's "My Wild Irish Rose" collection, and the "Allegro" score.

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